

EXCLUSIVE NEW PICTURES OF DUKE'S BRIDE-ELECT

The Daily Mirror 20

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF

ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

PAGES

No. 5,992.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1923

One Penny.

DUKE OF YORK AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE IN LONDON



An exclusive photograph of the Duke of York and his bride-to-be, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, leaving 17, Bruton-street, the town house of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, after luncheon yesterday. The Duke returned to London from Sandringham early in

the day, while his fiancée had arrived the previous evening. A small crowd awaited the appearance of the newly-betrothed couple and gave them an enthusiastic greeting as they drove away in the Duke's car.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

DUKE OF YORK'S LOVE MATCH AT COUNTRY HOME OF FIANCEE

Proposal After Tea on Sunday Afternoon.

DANCE PARTNERS.

Marriage Date Likely To Be Announced Next Week.

"I am so very happy," was the avowal of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the Duke of York's affianced bride, when she was interviewed in London yesterday.

She revealed that the Duke proposed to her "just after tea" last Sunday at her father's Hertfordshire seat at St. Paul's Waldenbury. Lady Elizabeth has not yet received her engagement ring, but it is likely that it will be a sapphire.

To-morrow the Duke will keep his first public engagement since his betrothal. He presides at the Industrial Welfare Society dinner at the Savoy Hotel.

In reply to a telegram sent on behalf of its readers, this journal yesterday received the following from Sandringham:—"The King cordially thanks the readers of *The Daily Mirror* for their kind message of congratulations on the engagement of the Duke of York to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon."

"STEPS SUIT EXACTLY."

Mother of Bride-Elect on Ballroom Meeting Three Years Ago.

In a special interview with *The Daily Mirror* at her London residence in Bruton-street, W., the Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, mother of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, said that she expected that the date of the wedding would be known next week. She added:—

"As it is a matter which will be decided by the King, I cannot anticipate it."

The Countess, who is a charming and a pretty woman, with luxuriant waving hair turning slightly grey and deep-set hazel eyes, has only recently arrived in London. She said:—

"Elizabeth has known the Duke of York for three years now," she continued. "They first got to know each other in London at a private dance."

"As they are both extremely fond of dancing, their meeting, of course, was not remarkable."

But their steps suited exactly and they met later at Glamis, where they played tennis together.

A YEAR'S ROMANCE.

"They have been very fond of each other for over a year," the Countess added, "and the proposal, I believe, took place last Sunday."

The Countess described the Duke as a quiet, reserved young man whose constant thought was for the happiness and welfare of others.

"He is one of the most unselfish men I have ever met," she said, "and I am very fond of him indeed."

In the course of further conversation the Countess said she hoped that the engagement would not be too short, but laughingly refused to say whether she believed in long or short engagements.

Lady Elizabeth, the Countess added, had just gone with her fiancé to be photographed.

MET IN NURSERY DAYS.

Earl of Strathmore's Story of the Lovers' Country Romance.

From Our Special Correspondent.

ST. PAUL'S WALDENBURY, Tuesday. St. Paul's Waldenbury, the little Hertfordshire village where the Earl of Strathmore has his English country seat, is in high glee.

When the villagers read this morning of the betrothal of the Earl's youngest daughter to the Duke of York, everyone at once assumed an "I-told-you-so" expression.

Ever since the wedding of Princess Mary last February, at which Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon was a bridesmaid, local gossip has linked her name with that of the Duke.

The frequent visits of the Duke whenever Lady Elizabeth was at the Manor House confirmed their belief in another prospective royal romance.

"If ever there was a love match, this is one," said one ancient dame. "Lady Elizabeth is a great favourite with us all, and she and the Duke of York make an ideal couple."

THEIR FIRST MEETING.

The Earl of Strathmore gave me some interesting details of his daughter's betrothal this morning.

He was armed with a fearsome-looking tree-saw and a chopper, and explained that he was about to start on his daily exercise of tree chopping.

"It is not true to say that the Duke proposed while he and Lady Elizabeth were out hunting," he said. "As a matter of fact, my daughter is very seldom in the hunting field."

"The Duke first came here on Saturday on a weekend visit, and the betrothal was announced to the family on Sunday evening."

"It was then recalled that the first meeting

between the young couple was at a children's party years ago, when Lady Elizabeth was about six, and the Duke, of course, was about twelve.

"At that time probably neither took much notice of the other.

"My daughter's tastes are very simple. She speaks French well; is fond of poetry, but she is not what you would call a great sportswoman. She is not fond of hunting or horse-riding.

"The one game which may be called her favourite is lawn tennis. She and the Duke have been either partners or opponents in countless games, both here and at Glamis."

CHEERS FOR LOVERS.

The Duke's First Public Engagement in London To-morrow.

Returning to London from Sandringham early yesterday afternoon, the Duke of York lost no time in calling upon his fiancée.

They left together at 3.30 for Buckingham Palace. Both looked supremely happy, and smiled acknowledgment of the greetings of a small throng assembled at the Palace gates.

At the Palace the Duke and his fiancée perused together some of the thousands of congratulatory messages waiting there for them.

So great is the number of these that two or three days must elapse before they can all be acknowledged.

To-morrow the Duke will fulfil his first public engagement since the announcement of his betrothal.

He will take the chair at the festival dinner, to be held at the Savoy Hotel, of the Industrial Welfare Society, of which he is president.

On Saturday he will return to Sandringham, when the general arrangements for the wedding will be discussed.

"MY FELLOW CITIZENS."

Duke's Reply to London's Greeting—The King to the Lord Mayor.

The Lord Mayor received the following message yesterday from the King:—

"The Queen and I are much gratified, my Lord Mayor, by your kind telegram on the occasion of the betrothal of our dear son. It is indeed an additional pleasure to us to know that our joy is shared by the citizens of London, and we thank them warmly for their good wishes."—(GEO. R. L.)

"My Fellow-Citizens."—Replying to a telegram from the Lord Mayor, the Duke wired yesterday:—"Will you express to my fellow-citizens of London how much I appreciate their kind message of congratulation?"

York's Good Wishes.—York, the city from which the Duke derives his title, has sent the following telegram to him at Sandringham:—

"The citizens of York send hearty congratulations to their youngest honorary freeman."

Hertfordshire Pleased.—The Mayor of St. Albans, at St. Albans City Council last night, said they all read with great satisfaction the news of the engagement of the Duke of York to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, a lady with associations with Hertfordshire. The Council decided to send a message of congratulation to the Duke.

(Continued on page 19.)

'ROOF AND FOUR WALLS.'

Miss P. Neilson-Terry's Three Songs in New Apollo Drama.

By Our Dramatic Critic.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry resumed her management of the Apollo Theatre last night with Mr. E. Temple Thurston's new play, "A Roof and Four Walls," the story of a song composer's wife.

One day, when a publisher comes to hear her husband's music, she sings the songs over for him. The publisher is amazed at her voice. Thenceforward her husband's career recedes, and she goes on from success to success. At last she is a triumphant prima donna.

Then comes the crisis. Does her husband still mean everything to her or shall she persist in her friendship with the inevitable undesirable poet?

There is a happy ending. The husband has nothing to offer but himself and his cottage in the country—a roof and four walls—but he will do it.

This story is spread rather thinly over four acts, the last two of which contain some strong drama, which may secure popular success.

Miss Neilson-Terry acted superbly and looked very handsome. Mr. Nicholas Hannen was very effective as the husband, and Mr. Allan Jeayes did well as the lover. Mr. O. B. Clarence gave a delicious little character study as an income-tax collector.

Miss Neilson-Terry sang three songs (composed by Norman O'Neill) during the piece, and showed that she might, if she wished, come near to being a prima donna in real life!

Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Marion Terry were present last night, but Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson), who has just recovered from a serious illness, was unable to witness her daughter's success.

* * * Don't forget to turn to the *Woman's Supplement*, which appears on pages 5 and 6. If you detach it you will find the practical hints worth studying from time to time.

PETROL IN BATH.

Woman Is Charged with Throwing Lighter at a Wife.

HUSBAND'S "NO SECRETS."

An extraordinary story was told at Folkestone yesterday when a quietly-dressed young woman—Alys Tyler, an American citizen and a decorator and house-furnisher—was charged with throwing petrol and attempting to ignite it to main, disfigure or disable Mrs. Bertha Feist, wife of Mr. Ernest J. Feist, retired merchant, at an hotel.

Mrs. Feist was too ill to attend yesterday, and the case was adjourned for her attendance to-day.

Evidence showed that the accused, on arrival from London on Sunday night, bought a pint of petrol at a garage.

She was allotted bedroom No. 17, Mrs. Feist, with her husband having room No. 14.

On Monday morning, while Mrs. Feist was in bath, it is alleged the accused threw the petrol with a petrol lighter over her.

Mr. Feist, in the box, said he had known the accused since 1910 to 1914, and met her in London and New York.

Occasionally he had written to her as a friend during the war, and saw her on Folkestone Leas on January 7, when she said she was waiting for the boat train.

Mrs. Feist did not know the accused, but they had spoken of her. He had no secrets from his wife when he married in 1919.

WOMAN AND THE THERM.

"We Don't Want Heat in the Street Lamps," She Tells Board of Inquiry.

Producing meter accounts, Mrs. Feltham, a householder in Tadema-road, Chelsea, S.W., said yesterday, at the Board of Trade inquiry into the therm method of charging that for the last June quarter her gas consumption had increased from about 2,000 to 4,000 cubic feet. She blamed the therm system.

"I can't help to speak for small consumers like myself," Mrs. Feltham declared. "We do not like the therm system. We were far better off under the old cubic foot system, because we knew exactly what we were paying for."

They were told that they were paying for heat. "I ask you," she added, "Do we want heat in the kitchen? We don't want heat in the street lamps. It is altogether wrong."

FORTUNE ROMANCE.

Family's Windfall from South Africa—£35,000 and Shares.

The romance of a fortune left by a relative in South Africa, who had existed in his relatives in Monmouthshire had almost forgotten was revealed yesterday by Mrs. A. Griffiths, of Cyril-street, Corporation-road, Newport.

Over fifty years ago Mrs. Griffiths' uncle, Mr. Henry Roberts, went to South Africa, where he amassed a large fortune.

His wife and his only son, whom he sent to England to be educated, having died, he sought to trace his relatives.

Hearing of the two members of the Newport family went out to South Africa, where they had a kindly reception.

When he died he left the whole of his fortune, valued at £35,363 in cash in the Standard Bank of South Africa and a large amount in mortgages and shares in the De Beers Diamond Mines, to the children of his brother and sister in Monmouthshire.

The money in the bank will be distributed in about three weeks' time.

TO END DEATH PENALTY.

Shoreditch Council Recommend Capital Punishment Abolition.

When the question of the abolition of capital punishment was discussed at Shoreditch Borough Council last evening Mr. J. K. Houseman, who introduced a resolution in favour of reform of the penal system, said that the old Mosaic law of an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" was out of vogue, and capital punishment had been shown to be no deterrent.

If everyone who suggested the killing of someone was hanged an army of executioners would be required, he said. He added that Bury, a former hangman, once told him frankly that it was his firm belief that Lee, convicted of the Babbarce murder, was innocent.

Mr. W. Gilling, the ex-mayor, contended that killing in any form, whether legal or illegal, was murder.

The motion, which favoured a reform of the penal system, including the abolition of capital punishment, was carried.

TABLE TENNIS EXPERTS AT PLAY.

London entrants in *The Daily Mirror* Table Tennis Championships have a wonderful opportunity of watching experts this evening at the London Club, 5, King-street, Baker-street. Commencing at 7.15, the All-England Table Tennis Association will play a selected team of the "Best of London" clubs. All visitors will be welcomed without charge.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHANCERY COURT.

£3,000 Gift for Training Mediums Contested.

JUDGE'S JOKES.

Suggests Half-Crown Charity for Millionaires.

Amusing arguments between Judge and counsel on spiritualism occurred in the Chancery Division yesterday, and an affidavit on psychic treatment by Sir A. Conan Doyle was read.

Mr. Justice Russell was asked to decide whether a bequest by Gustav Adolf Hummeltenberg of £3,000 to the London Spiritualistic Alliance was a valid charitable gift. The bequest was to form a nucleus of a fund to establish a college for the training of suitable persons as mediums.

During the hearing the Judge said: "From Court decisions, I thought all mediums were rogues." The hearing was adjourned.

CONAN DOYLE'S VIEW.

Judge Who Thought Mediums Were Rogues and Vagabonds.

The testator, it was stated, directed that preference should be given to "healing mediums" and "those for diagnosis of diseases," and expressed the opinion that it would be helpful to the development of mediums if they were employed in garden or farm work.

The validity of the bequest was contested by the residuary legatees, who represent a number of charitable institutions.

Mr. Errington, for the executors, said there was an affidavit by Sir A. Conan Doyle, a member of the council of the Alliance, in which he recalled the case of the entire cure of his sister-in-law by psychic force, after the case had been declared hopeless by five doctors.

Sir A. Conan Doyle added: "I have not the slightest doubt that very great advance may take place in this direction, especially if we can have mediumist healers and psychometrists specially trained and developed for the work."

After the Judge had remarked that he thought by the legal decisions that mediums were rogues and vagabonds, he asked during a legal argument on the constitution of a charity, "What about a trust for people with red hair?"—Counsel: "It would be a good charity."

Or, more grotesque still, half a crown a week for all millionaires—in the eyes of the law, my lord, all charity.

When counsel suggested as a definition of the word "medium," "one who endeavours to persuade the mind of certain patients of facts or alleged facts to their own benefit," the Judge replied: "Dr. Coué does that, but he is not a medium."

MISS MONKEY.

Undergraduates' 'Rag' at Cambridge to Help Mission.

Cambridge undergraduates yesterday indulged in a novel "rag" on behalf of charity.

To help the mission to fruit pickers at Wisbech, they conducted a fruit and confectionery "rag" on the "Mission" bus, and a roaring trade. Others paraded the streets with a piano organ, accompanied by a young woman attired as a monkey.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind N. or N.E.; colder. Lighting-up time, 5.20 p.m.

Polling in Newcastle East by-election takes place to-day.

Mr. Lloyd George is sixty to-day and Earl Beatty is fifty-two.

Sleepy Sickness.—A fatal case of sleepy sickness has occurred at Pershore, Worcestershire.

Governor Dead.—Mr. Maurice Long, Governor-General of French Indo-China, has died at Combar.

Boar Attacks Horses.—Several horses were attacked and one badly lacerated by a large boar that ran amok at Guildford Market.

Smallpox.—Another smallpox case is reported from the Black Country, the victim being the brother of a patient at a nearby hospital.

Fox in Fowl Pen.—Chased by the Quorn Hounds, a fox entered a fowl pen at Thringstone, Leicestershire, and bit off the heads of twenty-six fowls.

Sunday Concerts.—Despite Free Church opposition, Southdown Council last night decided to engage an orchestra to play at the pier-head on Sunday mornings.



Justice Russell.

COURT MARTIAL WARNING FOR RUHR COALOWNERS

Final French Ultimatum to Magnates Who Say They Prefer Prison.

COAL DELIVERIES TO-DAY OR ARRESTS.

Dortmund Seized as the First Sanction—Other Penalties to Follow At Once.

France, confronted with the persistent defiance of the German mine-owners in refusing to deliver coal, is tightening her grip on the Ruhr industrial area.

By the occupation of Dortmund yesterday, the entire region of the rich Westphalian collieries is now controlled by French troops. Measures for the requisitioning of coal have been enforced at Essen.

The French yesterday informed the Ruhr coalowners that further penalties would follow at once if coal deliveries were not resumed to-day, and that the owners would be before a court-martial. They replied that they would rather go to prison than disobey their Government.

It was reported in Brussels yesterday that a Belgian detachment guarding a bridge in the Ruhr had been fired upon.

60,000 FRANCO-BELGIANS NOW IN THE RUHR.

Latest Advance to Secure Railways and Canals.

20 MILES BEYOND ESSEN.

French troops, continuing their Ruhr advance yesterday, occupied Dortmund, the coal and iron and steel center, twenty miles beyond Essen.

This, cables Reuter, places the French in possession of the entire Westphalian mining area.

The French resumed their march at dawn. They first surrounded the town and occupied the neighbouring railway stations.

It was officially announced by the Paris Ministry of War that the troops were establishing a covering line west of Dortmund and Hoerde.

The requisitioning measures upon which the French authorities had previously decided began to be carried out yesterday in Essen.

A telegram from Dusseldorf states that the object of yesterday's new French advance to the "Blue Line" is to secure the railways and canals entering unoccupied Germany in order to control all traffic, especially exports, from the Westphalian industrial region.

The message adds that the operation was carried out without incident by the 4th Cavalry Division under General Rampon, with two infantry regiments.

According to the *Intransigent*, two more French divisions arrived in the Ruhr from France on the 15th, bringing the total Franco-Belgian force up to a strength of 60,000—Reuter.

FATAL BOCHUM RIOTING.

Man Killed and Two Wounded When French Troops Fired on Mob.

It was officially announced yesterday by the French War Minister (cables Reuter), that the German riot in Bochum followed Communist demonstrations. As a result one death occurred.

A detachment of infantry occupying the station was attacked by a crowd estimated at 2,000. The demonstrators fired, and the officer in charge of the troops thereupon gave the order to open fire.

The demonstrators had one killed and two wounded. The attitude of the German police authorities was correct.

Talk of Big Rising.—Alarm is expressed in Berlin at the development of the Fascist movement in Southern Bavaria. It is said that the object is to bring about a "levee en masse" of the German people against the French invaders.—Reuter.

MARK'S COLLAPSE.

London Quotations Down to New Low Record of 330 a Penny.

All previous low-level records were eclipsed yesterday in the collapse of the mark.

On the Berlin Bourse, cables the Central News, the threat of the French to arrest the mine directors who persist in their refusal to deliver coal produced a panic.

Opening quotations in London were 72,500 to the £, a fall of 5,500 overnight to 302 a penny.

This, however, was only a beginning, and during the day 75,000 to 80,000 to the £ (330 a penny) was reached.

Finally, they closed at 75,000 to the £. French and Belgian currencies also lost favour in relapsing to 68.95 and 75.75, while the Italian lire weakened to 95.

STERN ULTIMATUM TO RUHR COALOWNERS.

Further Pledges Likely on Forests and Customs.

NEW ESSEN REFUSAL.

DUSSELDORF, Tuesday. This afternoon at the Allied headquarters a conference was held between Generals De-goutte, Simon and Danvignes, the German industrialists, and officials of the German mine-workers' unions.

The conference ended with the absolute refusal of the Germans to deliver the coal demanded by the French.

General Simon presented the Germans with a final order that work must begin to-morrow morning.

He said the first sanction had been the occupation of Dortmund. If his order was not obeyed to-morrow other sanctions would follow at once.—Central News.

A Reuter message says that the coalowners were told that unless they carried out the ordered deliveries of coal they would be brought before a court-martial.

NEW COINAGE AND BANKS.

Under the instructions of the French Mission the first trainload of coal since the French advance left the Essen district yesterday.

Requisitions of coal have already begun. A French semi-official statement says that as the result of the German default in coal deliveries and cattle restitution the French and Belgians have decided to collect the tax on coal at once.

The reparations payments, which were due on January 15, have been postponed until January 31.—Reuter.

A high political personage connected chiefly with the French Foreign Office stated, says an Exchange Paris telegram, yesterday evening that neither the British Foreign Office nor the White House will protest against French action in Germany.

Further pledges may be taken by France on German forests, the Rhine and Ruhr Customs, new coinage may be established and new banks to issue bonds to pay Ruhr workers.

M. Poincaré has forwarded to the Minister of Works a recommendation to accept the offer of British civil engineer volunteers for the Ruhr.

NEW GERMAN DEFAULT.

Britain Abstains from Voting on Paris Declaration by Other Allies.

PARIS, Tuesday. The following are the principal grounds on which the Reparations Commission to-day declared Germany in default for the third time, and notified the default to the Allied Governments:—

1. Since January 12 no delivery of coal under the reparations schedule has been effected.

2. The German Government officially notified the Commission that all deliveries in the nature of reparations would be immediately suspended.

3. The German Cattle Commission officially notified that all reparations and restitution deliveries would be stopped and trains ready for dispatch would not leave.—Central News.

Mr. Kemball Cook, replacing Sir John Bradburn, who is indisposed and confined to his room, declared that he would abstain from voting.

It was remarked, however, that instead of voting against, as on January 9, the British delegation today simply abstained from voting.—Exchange.

Offer to Mediate.—The Rome Ministry of Foreign Affairs announces that the Italian Government has offered to mediate between France and Germany on the question of reparations.



Major E. Seymour, late Grenadier Guards, has been appointed to the post of military attaché at Alexandria, in the room of the late Sir Arthur Davidson. Miss D. D. Rose Smith, a school teacher, the inquest on her husband, who died at Hammersmith yesterday and adjourned for further inquiries.

U.S. WAR DEBTS BATTLE OF INTEREST RATES.

British Standing Firm for a Long Maturity Period.

MR. BALDWIN'S RETURN.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday. A virtual deadlock was reached to-day between American and British Debt Funding Commissions.

The British sought a forty-eight-hour postponement in which to communicate further with the British Government.

It is understood that the British delegation were instructed to remain firm in insisting on a long maturity period, and on the three per cent. interest rate, while the Americans informed the British that they are not agreeable to that low rate.

Mr. Baldwin has affirmed his intention of sailing for England on Saturday, but Mr. Norman will remain here longer if an agreement has not been reached.—Exchange.

Some of the American commissioners feel, says Reuter, that the 4 per cent. rate fixed by Congress should be materially modified. Unofficially it is stated they might consider fixing the rate of interest at 3 per cent.

The British are represented as being desirous of making annual payments of the principal of the debt as well as interest payments, notwithstanding the fact that by so doing they will create difficulties in the balancing of the Budget for 1923.

TRUCE FOR MEMEL.

British Cruiser on the Way—French Troops Disarmed?

PARIS, Tuesday. According to a telegram from Memel, a truce has been concluded with the Lithuanian raiders, which will remain operative until the receipt of instructions from the Conference of Ambassadors.—Reuter.

A British cruiser, says an Exchange message from Paris, was expected at Memel yesterday.

According to the French official statement, there was a fierce fight in Memel before the truce was concluded. The insurgents state that they have disarmed the French troops.

CORDON FOR IRISH REBELS.

1,000 National Troops With Heavy Guns Closing In on Irregulars.

Irish Free State troops, numbering nearly a thousand, and supported by artillery, were reported last night to be endeavouring to carry out an encircling movement to capture irregulars in the Wicklow hills.

The opposing forces came into conflict yesterday in a wild and lonely glen near Blessington, the scene of recent raids. Casualties included four killed.

Extensive destruction has been wrought by rebels on the railways of West Clare.

A warning has been received by railwaymen at Limerick Junction that if they are found repairing the line they will be shot at sight.

"Cat" for Bomb Carrying.—Fifteen lashes with the "cat" and four years' penal servitude was the sentence passed yesterday at Ulster Assizes on James Smith, believed to be an I.R.A. captain, who was found guilty of the possession of bombs and ammunition.

FLOWER GIRLS' TRIBUTE.

Guard of Honour at To-day's Funeral Service of "Fannie."

Flower girls from Ludgate Hill will form a guard of honour and strew violets and daffodils from the gate to the door of St. Clement Danes Church, to-day, at the funeral service of Fannie, the Ludgate Hill flower girl.

Chopin's funeral march will be played and the famous bells of St. Clement's will ring a muffled peal for the simple, smiling woman who for thirty years sold flowers in the street.

The choir will sing Fannie's favourite hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

PREMIER'S PLANS TO EASE UNEMPLOYMENT.

Eighty Road Schemes To Be Carried Out.

"DOING OUR BEST."

State Paying Half Pre-War Cost of Running Country.

"The State is paying on unemployment half the total amount which was spent on running the country before the war."

Mr. Bonar Law made this statement at Downing-street yesterday to a deputation from the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, which waited upon him to urge the need of unemployment legislation. The Premier declined to call Parliament together any earlier than February 13.

He said the Government were doing all they could to put in road schemes which would result in employment being given to a large number of people.

Points from the Premier's speech were:— To call Parliament together at the moment, instead of helping the situation, would hinder it. We have been able to give more attention to measures of alleviation because Parliament is not sitting.

We are doing all we can to get employment and restore sound finance. This Government has added 10 per cent. to the number of men employed.

We are pushing schemes such as roadmaking to the extreme. We have got eighty new schemes on hand, to be carried out by arrangement with the local authorities.

The Premier added that the only hope for the situation, in his opinion, was in the improvement of trade. In spite of European complications, he still thought there was hope in that direction.

On behalf of the deputation, Mr. E. L. Poulton expressed disappointment at the decision not to summon Parliament, and thanked the Premier for his assurance that the Departments were working at full pressure to try and do something to relieve the situation.

SHORTER MINERS' DAY?

Mr. Hodges Counters Owners' Demand for Extension to Eight Hours.

"When unemployed miners are absorbed and a full week can be worked at the pits, the 287,000,000 tons, which the Coal Commissioners say would justify a six-hour day, will be secured, and the miners will ask that the recommendation shall be translated into law and a six-hour day established."

This is the reply of Mr. Frank Hodges, secretary of the Miners' Federation, to the demand by the coalowners for an extension of the working day to eight hours.

Mr. Hodges argues that the seven-hour day is the maximum that should be worked. He contends that output could be made to exceed that per shift worked of 1913 if scientific methods were introduced, and that a scientific inquiry would reveal waste and inefficiency which would provide a greater shock than even the revelations of the Sankey Commission.

"The owners do not want such an inquiry," he adds. "Their propaganda is designed to distract public attention from their own shortcomings to the miners' working day, which will not be extended."

MISS MARIE CORELLI SUED.

Novelist in Dispute Over House She Was Unable to Occupy.

Judgment for £37 16s. was given against Miss Marie Corelli, the novelist, in an action for alleged breach of contract, heard in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

Mr. Lawrence Cowen, the well-known author and playwright, of 11a, Regent's-court, Regent's Park, London, was the plaintiff, and the contract which was alleged to have been broken was one to take Severn Cross, his furnished house at Weston-super-Mare.

Mr. Albugurgh said the claim was for £69 6s., and Mr. Cowen's case was that Miss Corelli agreed in two letters to take his furnished house from August 20 till the end of September, 1921.

For the defence Mr. Thorpe said there was no intention to evade any liabilities to which Miss Corelli was legally liable. She had paid thirty-three guineas—three weeks' rent—into court with a denial of liability.

U.S. RAILWAY STRIKER HANGED.

A message from Harrison (Arkansas), states a New York Central News message, says that citizens, enraged at acts of sabotage committed by railway strikers, hanged one of them and drove the Mayor, the City Marshal and a Labour leader from the town.

FIRST CHAPTERS OF THRILLING NEW SERIAL.

BEGIN NOW.

SIX DAYS BY ELINOR GLYN

CHAPTER I.

DAVID LAMONT left the Ministers' Cabinet with his spirit highly exalted.

What he had received instructions to do was going to be difficult, and the inference that he had been chosen out of the number that the Ministers' Cabinet had selected from gave him satisfaction.

The President had been in the room for part of the time, and they had spoken softly and gravely, and one sentence will stay in David's memory to the day of his death.

LALINE

"You have read the 'Message to Garcia,' of course, Major Lamont? Let it be your guide upon this difficult mission."

His mother had given him the little booklet when it first appeared in America after the Cuban war, and his young life had been deeply influenced by the appeal in it.

As he crossed the square he reviewed his instructions.

The first thing was that he was to leave for Europe on the Olympic the following week, accompanied by his faithful servant Ferguson.

David's war record was of the finest, just as his business record in New York had been of the finest before that. And now, at thirty-three years old, he had this one more task to accomplish before he could retire into private life, and give his time and his talents to his country's Government, which was his duty.

The Lamonts had always been well-to-do people, living down by Washington-square, and quite indifferent to the rush of events or the urge to accumulate wealth. However, real estate in a populous neighbourhood is a solid heritage.

"You will have to disappear completely for two months, Major Lamont," the Minister had said. "You can give no account of your movements to anyone, and avoid meeting old friends, by the way, or entering into any new acquaintanceships. You will receive full instructions at the Embassy in Paris, where you will arrive in twelve days' time—and then you will proceed to carry them out."

His destination lay "somewhere in the Near East"—and that is quite enough for us to know!

DESPISED MOST WOMEN.

Ferguson would have everything ready to start. He was accustomed to sudden movements on the part of his master. David was going to stay in Washington until the night train to New York left. He had no time now to spare, and would go and see an old friend of his family who lived on Massachusetts-avenue.

David's hair was as black as jet, and immensely thick, and when it brushed back from his broad brow, it gleamed like a silk hat. His skin was olive, but not very dark, and you could see the bluish shade where he shaved a strong beard. His eyes were the blackest things imaginable—so intensely black that the pupils seemed to merge in the iris. They were full of magnetic, compelling force, under his thick level brows and heavy ink eyelashes. His features were classic in their beauty, and his mouth shut like a vice. It was the finest thing in mouths.

Women adored him. He was quite uninterested in them, except as pastimes on the rarest occasions. He had none of the American male's tolerance for all their failings. He saw them as they were, without glamour, and utterly despised most of them. The memory of an adored mother who had died in the first year of the war kept his ideal very different to the fluffy, bobbed-haired flappers whom he met whenever he dragged himself into Society.

As he ran up the steps of Mrs. Longton's house he met a friend of his coming out, one Captain Jack Lumley, an Englishman, who had been over on Government business. They had fought together when David was attached to an English Guards battalion in 1918, and were glad to meet again.

"Hallo, Jack!"

"Hallo, David, old boy!" And they grasped hands and talked for a few moments gladly.

"I'm going back on the Olympic. I was just going to wire you in New York."

"I'm crossing on the 'Looy.' David said; and at that moment the door was opened, and, calling out, "So long!" he disappeared inside the house, and Captain Lumley went on down the street with set face.

LALINE.

An hour ago he—Jack Lumley—had gone to Mrs. Longton's on purpose to see Laline Lester, with whom he was deeply in love. She had come in with her aunt, Mrs. Greening, to see, far away before starting for Europe—her first visit abroad.

Laline Lester was all that a really lovely American heiress should be. Highly educated, with wonderful complexion and eyes and hair, fair as a lily, and with feet and hands and a taste for dress in which could not be surpassed.

Laline was looking for something in life—she did not know what. All the men she had met

she could rule. She danced with them, listened to their love declarations, realised that they were all the same, and then troubled herself no more about them. She was accustomed to their devotion, which contained no thrill.

Jack Lumley had been different. First, because he was of another nation, so that his methods of trying to gain her favour were not the same. Second, because he had a fine and dear character; and Laline knew it.

That afternoon, as they had sat on the sofa in Mrs. Longton's smaller drawing-room, Jack had once more asked her to marry him.

"You know that I don't love you really a little bit, you dear old Jack," she had said, letting him hold her hand, since no one could see them from the larger drawing-room beyond. "If you ask me again when I am twenty-five, and I haven't found a thing which can make me feel by then, I'll probably say 'Yes.' But it is three years to wait. Oh, Jack, I do want to feel!"

"I love you—you can never know how much. Some people think of love in one way, some in another. For me it means devotion. I would rather you were happy than have my own heart's desire."

"I'll wait, dear, darling. But you'll let me take care of you on the Olympic next Wednesday, won't you?"

"Why certainly."

Then she let him kiss her two hands again, and when he went she rose and looked out of the window to watch him as he left the house, and she sighed. But then her eyes caught sight of David Lamont, talking to him, and some slight feeling of interest permeated her. Here was a new type! Someone she had never seen before. No native of Washington. Dressed in that old-fashioned, very well-made, up; all there; American, assuredly—but of the sort who could he be? A friend of Jack's? How warm their greeting was!

She could see everything behind the net curtain. What black hair! "I hate black hair, and that blue mark where he sits, where he sits, where he sits, where he sits. Just like an Italian waiter!"

She certainly felt interested in the new man. The butler opened the door and the tall, upright figure strode in, and past her with no conscious indifference. His goal was the further room, where Daisy Longton could be seen beyond tea-cups and cocktail glasses. No man in any room had ever passed Lady Longton's eyes so quickly, and with indifference in her whole life!

A little feeling of resentment rose in her. She would stay there, and not return to the others as she had meant to.

Mrs. Longton was meanwhile greeting Major Lamont effusively—he was so difficult to secure—and she did not do so. He lighted that he had spared the time to look her up. She introduced him to everyone—numbers of pretty girls and their admirers.

How could he ever remember all their tire-some names and their tiresome faces? All exactly the same, with the last Paris hat and the last shaped Cupid's bow of a mouth made with lip-grease—fluffy bits of sugar cake!

He had come to see Daisy Longton about old times and their mutual interests—they had been children together.

"He is just too darling!" one beauty whispered her friend, who snapped her head off.

"I think he's a brute. He makes me feel uncomfortable."

Laline, alone in the outer room, was becoming more and more disturbed. Was no one remembering her absence? The colour deepened in her cheeks. She got out her lapis and diamond vanity-box and examined herself in the little mirror. Then she dabbed her white velvet nose and her pink velvet cheeks with powder. Her lips were so red they never really did need grease. And then she straightened herself. It would look odd if he passed out again and she was still there alone. So she controlled her resentment at the turn things had taken and walked through the archway into the inner drawing-room.

CHAPTER II.

MAJOR LAMONT looked up as the slender figure came forward to the tea table by which he sat with the hostess. Here was a new flapper, was his first thought. He had not remarked her in the inner drawing-room. Some girl was sitting on a sofa, that was all he had taken in.

No; she was not a flapper. There was not that jaunty air of knowing childishness which the rest affected. She was dressed with greater dignity also, and her skirts were not quite up to her knees. (All this happened in the May of 1921, when those who wanted to be dressed as twelve-year-old kiddies had ample opportunity to indulge their fancy, even if they had seen for years.)

She was not painted, either—only a little powder—and her lips were innocent of crimson grease. David Lamont was not an out-of-date person. He had no objection to lip grease, or rouge, or eye black, when they were an improvement, but in a young girl it seemed a treat to see nature again.

Yes; this was really a lovely creature, whoever she might be, he decided, and he did not feel so bored when the inevitable introduction took place.

Laline, for her part, was full of resentment, and did not analyse that she was resenting the very thing which she had longed for—to meet someone who could make her feel.

His black eyes saw through people. He knew she was nervous, and not stupid, and he wondered what had caused this state of mind.

Yes; but why of course! The journey across the Atlantic, and Laline turned to him.

"I am going with my aunt to Europe on the Olympic next Wednesday," she told him. "It is my first visit over there. I am terribly excited about it."

So they would be crossing together. But he did not inform her of his plans.

"You are going to Paris, of course?" he said.

"Yes; but why of course? It is a very lovely country, especially—go to Paris while they live, now, not when they die. It is the Mecca for clothes."

Laline pouted. There was something faintly contemptuous—or was it only mocking—in his tones, "I am crazy to see the art galleries."

"You are?"

"Why not?"

He smiled. He knew she was becoming annoyed.

"I'll bet you any amount of money that you will do the Louvre in half an hour, spend one afternoon picnicking at Versailles without going near the palace, and that the rest of the time you'll be at the races, or the polo, or trying on at the dressmakers; and you'll dance all night in the Bois or at Montmartre."

Laline's eyes flashed between the soft lashes.

"If that is what people do in Paris, I shall, of course, follow their lead; it is awful to be a back number. Is that how you spend your time?"

"It depends upon who I am with."

He looked round at all the pretty, silly faces, and he laughed softly to himself.

Laline had never felt so insulted in her life. He had said nothing impertinent, but it was the light and amused tone and the inference. Here was the first man who plainly was not dazzled by her, and plainly classed her with all the other girls.

"Have a cigarette?" she suggested, to hide her annoyance. And she opened her case, a companion one to her vanity box in lapis, with her initials in diamonds.

"I hardly ever smoke," he answered. "Sometimes a cigar now and then."

"Do you approve of it?"

He did not reply to this, but asked:

"What do you smoke for?"

Laline was nonplussed. She was not quite sure what were her reasons.

"It makes you feel good. I can't do anything until I have had my cigarette," she blurted out.

"Poor slave!"

Rage was rising in Laline.

"I'm not a slave. I only smoke about ten a day."

"Yes; you have just admitted it. You can't do anything until you have had one, therefore the cigarette is the master, not you."

"I could stop smoking to-morrow if I liked."

"I should, then; it will be a new experience for you to be a ruler."

This was more than could be borne. A new experience for her to be a ruler—she, who had ruled everybody all her life!

She told him so, and grew more and more furious at the laugh in his eyes.

There is obviously one person I am sure you have never succeeded in bringing under your domination." He was not looking at her as he said this, but absently at a splendid paradise plume in her aunt's hat. She followed the direction of the eyes and laughed.

"Aunt! Oh, you have made a mistake there. I can do just what I please with her."

David turned now, and his black eyes seemed to see right through her golden hair.

"Aunt! Oh, the lady with the paradise plume—I wasn't thinking of her."

"Who did you mean, then?" he asked.

"Since you ask, I meant yourself."

Laline bridled all over.

"I think you are very rude."

"I am sorry, but you asked me, you know."

Then he turned away to Mrs. Longton again, and Laline felt as if she should burst into tears. She had never hated anyone so much before, she told herself. Major Lamont was rising to go. She had gathered he was returning immediately to New York. She would never see him again, most probably, and a good thing. And yet—

"We are going to be at the Ritz-Carlton until we sail. If you want to be rude to me again, you can come, or telephone, and so on."

He bowed, and there was an amused smile in his eye, but he did not say if he would come or not.

Major Lamont arrived at the dock early on the Wednesday and went on board the Olympic before the rush began.

David kept out of everyone's way all that first afternoon, and he was eating his dinner at a secluded corner in the restaurant when the Greening party came in, rather late.

Laline saw him at once with the corner of her eye. Neither Jack nor her aunt had remarked him.

He must have known that he would be crossing with them, and yet he had never said one word in Washington. What a horrid man!

From where she sat—the others had their backs to him—she could look at his profile, all the time unobserved by him. It was a very handsome profile, she was obliged to own, and there was something so very distinguished about him, too. None of that look, like so many of her boys, that she danced with had, as though he played up too late and had too many cocktails. His olive skin was eminently outdoor and bronzed and fresh and healthy, and there was no superfluous fat upon him. What on earth could he be thinking about so deeply that he never turned round or looked about him? What was he eating?

Some chicken and salad.

What was he drinking? A pint of champagne.

Of course, he would be finished long before they would. Why had her aunt taken so long to dress?

"Laline, dear, you have not heard a word that I have been saying," Mrs. Greening remarked plaintively.

"Yes; I have, auntie, but I am interested in this new scene."

Jack Lumley had been wondering, too, at her silence, though he was accustomed to her moods, and knew it was wiser not to remark upon them.

Yes; Major Lamont was getting up now, and they had not reached their ices yet. He was going through that door into what is a verandah place where people had coffee, perhaps? He would have his coffee there; so should they.

Why did her aunt want all those strawberries for dessert? It was quite a quarter of an hour since Major Lamont had finished his dinner, and was simply ridiculous to take up so much time in eating.

At last, however, they did move, but when they got into the verandah no David was there. He must have gone on out of the other door.

Laline felt a queer sensation of rage, and soon made an excuse, and led her party through all the saloons, but Major Lamont was not seen again that night.

A FURTHER BIG INSTALLMENT OF THIS ENGROSSING SERIAL WILL APPEAR IN THE "REFeree" OF SUNDAY NEXT, JANUARY 21st.

TO PREVENT DISAPPOINTMENT FILL IN AND HAND THIS ORDER FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT AT ONCE.

ORDER TO NEWSAGENT.

Please deliver weekly a Copy of "The Referee" to

LABOUR LEADERS SEE PREMIER



The deputation of Labour leaders which yesterday called upon the Premier arriving at No. 10, Downing-street, for their interview with Mr. Bonar Law concerning unemployment. — (Daily Mirror photograph.)

WELCOME TO SHOWMEN'S M.P.

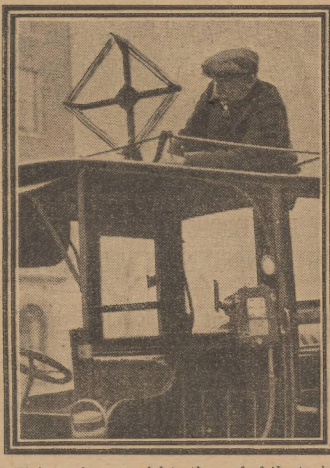


Mrs. Pat Collins receiving a bouquet at the Agricultural Hall yesterday, when Mr. Pat Collins (second from left), the first showmen's M.P., was welcomed at the Showmen's Guild Congress. — (Daily Mirror photograph.)



Tuning-in on the rank while waiting for a fare.

WIRELESS CONCERTS IN A TAXI.—Mr. Frederick Fleche, a London taxi-driver, has installed in his cab a wireless apparatus so that his fares may enjoy wireless concerts during their journeys without extra charge.



Fixing a frame aerial to the roof of the taxi-cab. Mr. Fleche did the work himself.

"Venida rules the waves"



Famous Hairdressers Use Venida Hair Nets

The dressing of the hair and its expression of milady's individuality, is the art of the coiffeur.

Most women dress their own hair with great skill and personality.

Many go to famous hairdressers for convenience, and the extra style. The artistic hairdresser, justly proud of his creation, now uses a Venida Hair Net as the finishing touch. He knows it will hold the coiffure in perfect place, softly, invisibly, permanently.

2 for 11. VENIDA
The Guaranteed
HAIR NET

Milady in her own home should be as proud of her hairdressing art as the hairdresser is of his. Her coiffure needs a Venida, for it will keep her hair as neat and becoming as when she dressed it, at all times, and in all weathers. As easy to put on as a hat.

Venida Hair Nets are daintily made by hand from human hair. Always invisible! Sold in Cap or Fringe shapes, Single or Double mesh, at the economical price of two for 1/- (White or Grey, 1/- each.)

Special Offer Sent post paid if unobtainable at your chemist, draper or hairdresser. State colour of hair and shape wanted, mention retailer's name.

VENIDA, LTD., Regent House, Regent Street, London.

GOOD-BYE UNTIDY HAIR FOREVER
VENIDA RULES THE WAVES

CUT THIS OUT.

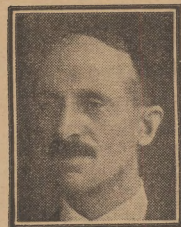
Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them, and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer perhaps from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and that the majority of cases of deafness and head noises were the result of this disease. This explains why ointments, sprays, and inhalers merely temporise with the complaint, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. Since this fact was fully established much time and money have been spent by a noted Specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would quickly dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which was eventually formulated, and which has caused the belief that deafness will soon be extinct, is given below in understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

From your Chemist get 1 ounce of Peppermint (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 2 pint of hot water, and 4 ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonfuls of golden syrup or honey; stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

A decided improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing becomes easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dullness, cloudy thinking, etc., gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing, clogged nostrils and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh, and which are often overcome by this efficacious treatment. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are now known to be directly caused by catarrh, therefore there must be many people whose hearing can be restored by this splendid home treatment.

Karmoid Tablets, The World's Best Laxative, Cure Constipation. 1s. 3d. All Chemists. — (Adv't.)



Mr. R. S. Comben, C.B.E., J.P., an alderman and former Mayor of Weymouth, who has married Mrs. Logan, also a magistrate at Weymouth.



Mrs. A. Logan, J.P., who has married a brother magistrate, Mr. R. S. Comben. Both, too, are members of the Dorsetshire County Council.



Bandsman Grant's Toby, a pet of the 10th Royal Hussars.



The Traffic Controller owned by Mr. H. S. Goodhall, Reading.



Sydney Bennett, aged three, who with his mother, was found suffering from gas poisoning at Queen's-road, Battersea. Both are out of danger.



Mrs. Bennett, Sydney's mother, one of the four persons affected by gas poisoning at Battersea. The cause of the poisoning is a complete mystery.

GUINEAS FOR SNAPSHOTS.—Toby (left) has learned to impersonate an Irishman. These snapshots sent by readers are awarded a guinea each.

SIMPLE STORIES OF SUNLIGHT STREET



The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

HERE JACK DROPS HIS ANCHOR WHEN HOME FROM THE FLEET
HAND WONDROUS HIS WELCOME FROM ALL SUNLIGHT STREET

Jack's yarn about the King of the Cannibal Islands who ate the Sunlight Soap, because, like the Missionary, it looked so good, always delights the children. But that's Jack's breezy way of teaching the youngsters that soap is a civilizer and a very real missionary in forming and uplifting the habits of a people.

Jack is qualified to talk of Cocoanuts and Kings, because he knows that Cocoanut and other oils from tropical plantations help to make Sunlight Soap the most efficient soap in the kingdom. Sunlight Soap is used throughout the World.

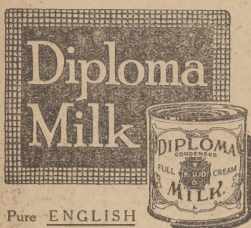
Sunlight Street is the great Highway of Health—
It is a Thoroughfare of Thorough Cleanliness.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

S 429-34

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.



Pure **ENGLISH** condensed milk with all its **CREAM** and just the right sweetness

Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge & London.
D 68

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interested in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:—

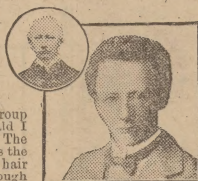
"The small photo taken from a football group will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko."

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls."

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) JACK EVANS.



Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using the method employed by North American Indians. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

TEST-BOX COUPON

Fill in name and address and post with 6d. in stamps (or P.O.) to
JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy St. (16 D.C.), London, W.1

NAME

ADDRESS

Foreign orders 1/- extra.

PIVER POWDERS

Now reduced to **3/- PER BOX**

L. T. Piver, Paris, have much pleasure in announcing a substantial reduction in price of their world-famed Face Powders.

Although the price is reduced, the very high quality of PIVER POWDERS remains the same. The ever-increasing popularity of PIVER POWDERS is entirely due to their soft velvety adherence, purity, the complete absence of greasy ingredients, and the delicate bloom which they impart to the complexion.

FLORAMYE.
AZUREA.
MISMELIS.
GERBERA.
POMPEIA.
LETREFLE.
INCARNAT.

L. T. PIVER, PARIS

Piver Powders are OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE in large artistic boxes.



China Cheaper

Beautiful Tea, Dinner and Toilet Services from 8/6. Home Outlets from 4/9. Cutlery Outlets for 50 persons from 50/-. Churches, Schools, Hotels, Cafeters supplied. Special Unbreakable quality for Kitchen, Canteen and Hospital. Patent Non-drip and Non-Chip Teapots, our invention. Breakfast Sets, Glass, Kitchen Ware, everything supplied. Satisfaction guaranteed. Established 1903. Over 60,000 Customers. Send postcard for Illustrated Catalogue 50/6.



CENTURY POTTERY CO. DEPT. M.B.
MANUFACTURERS. BURSLEM. STAFFS

Stop Laxatives Which Only Aggravate Constipation

Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—so cannot gripe. When you are constipated there is an insufficient quantity of lubricant produced by your system to keep the food waste soft. Doctors prescribe Nujol because its action so closely resembles that of this natural lubricant. Your chemist has it. Try it to-day.

Nujol

For Constipation

IDEAL SUPPORT.



For Down-Drag and Figure Prominence. Absolute accuracy of fit, lightness and ease of adjustment, make this belt a real boon to ladies troubled with undue prominence of figure, obesity or bearing-down sensations. All weight is transferred to the hips, with consequent improvement of figure and ideal supporting comfort.

ABDOMINAL BELT. Mrs. M. M. Baling, London, writes: "I paid a very big price to a well-known surgical instrument-making firm for a 'Kidney Belt' and your belt is superior in every way—Make, Finish and Adjusting—improvement of figure and ideal supporting comfort."

Price only **9/11**
Post Paid.
Over 30in. waist **10/11**
Foreign orders 1/- extra.

THE HEALTH CORSET CO. (Dept. 341)
24-25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1923

A ROMANCE AND A MORAL

THE happy romance of the Duke of York's engagement appears to have a moral in it for modern lovers.

Many young people to-day seem to have forgotten how to fall in love in the convinced and exclusive manner favoured by their parents.

They are in love—yes, or at least they tell you so.

But either *she* can't make up her mind, or else *he* is in love with so many other girls at the same moment that the older people find the recital of such sentimental hesitations rather tiresome and entirely incomprehensible. "Hang it all, sir! I *knew* when I was in love," exclaims the Thackeray uncle to his young nephew. Quite so. Romeo had no doubts about Juliet.

Without indiscretion, we hope we may say that on this occasion a Royal Prince has shown that he too knows his own mind; for he has proved to his contemporaries that, in affairs of the heart, preliminary difficulties can be overcome by constancy of purpose.

YOUNG HEADMASTERS.

THE time for going back to school approaches—a moment not so much dreaded by boys of to-day as it was in the remote times of disciplinarian school life: days of bullying, of Spartan roughness, and of dreadful headmasters.

The type of the Headmaster, particularly, has changed.

The older convention demanded that "Heads" should be clerical, old and cross. They were commonly pictured as fierce veterans, with immense beards, brandishing birches—or the Bible.

But to-day the new head of Clifton is only thirty-eight, the new head of Mill Hill under thirty, the heads of several other important schools well under forty. Evidently a wise attempt to bridge the gulf between authority and youth.

And yet we may easily overestimate the change.

There's still an immense distance between Fifteen and Thirty. To the eyes of Fifteen, Thirty appears to be a great age—almost decrepitude. Nevertheless we welcome the change, because we believe that Thirty is still able to understand and sympathise with Fifteen.

WIRELESS WONDERS.

WHEN the older novelists wanted to get rid of an inconvenient character, they usually sent him, with his wife and family, to the Antipodes.

Dickens packed the Micawbers off to Australia, where they became prosperous; for it was apparently an axiom in those days that a man who failed in the old country must certainly succeed in the new world. But even if he failed you got rid of him. He could no longer borrow five shillings every five minutes.

Now we have advanced so far that London can listen by "wireless" to voices speaking in New York.

No doubt New Zealand, Australia and all remote places will soon be "linked up" in like manner—places from which we used only to hear occasionally from those "distant correspondents" whom Charles Lamb found it difficult to treat as real beings, because they were so distant. Distance is abolished. Everybody everywhere will soon be within speaking distance of the whole world.

It is marvellous. It is convenient—for some cases. But it leaves us the awkward problem—how are we to get rid of undesirable when no corner of the world is without a wireless installation? W. M.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

Devoted Sons as Husbands—The Ideal Income—Opera in London—Winter Colds.

THE STANDARD OF LIVING.

SURELY it is impossible to fix upon an ideal income without reference to the tastes and habits of the possessor of such an income. I know plenty of people who would be perfectly happy with £500 a year. I know others whom £5,000 a year would not satisfy. It all depends upon the standard of living one has been taught in youth and the habits one has acquired since.

J. M. F.

THE TOO-DEVOTED SON.

I QUITE agree with your correspondents, "A Bachelor" and "E. T. L.," that good sons do not always make good husbands. I am a young wife of twenty, whilst my husband is twenty-six—the youngest of his family—and, consequently, his mother's idol. I have absolutely refused to live with his

HAVE YOU A COLD?

YOUR cartoon on colds amused me very much. It is perfectly true that the average Englishman is, in a way, proud of his climate, which he thinks (or says) has "made him what he is." Yet I think that no people in the world are so martyrs to colds and coughs as we. It is the changeableness of our climate that accounts for these perpetual colds. And our doctors seem to be quite powerless to prevent them.

A VICTIM.

WHO WILL HELP?

NOW that the opera season at Covent Garden is drawing to an end, it is terrible for music-lovers to think that the great theatre is to be given up to revue. Cannot something be done to give us per-

BEWARE OF THE PREMATURE ENGLISH SPRING!



It has a way of turning to deep winter at any moment.

mother, for I feel we shouldn't get on well together, in return for which I am slighted by my husband.

Holidays are arranged every summer to suit his people. He then goes off and enjoys himself, and leaves me at home with the baby. Many unhappy marriages are caused through marrying a man who is his "mother's darling."

REGRETFUL.

I KNOW a man who was always very unhappy in his bachelor life. He was rescued from that unhappiness by the woman he married, and he is, therefore, all the more attached to her.

I think that a man who has been unhappy in his first home will make a better husband than one who is so fond of his own people, that he regrets living apart from them.

IMPARTIAL.

SCRIPTURE AND PUNISHMENT.

IN your issue of January 15 the question is asked: "Where does punishment by man come in?"

A reply can be read in Acts of the Apostles, Chapter 5, where "a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife," fell dead after rebuke by Peter. This was clearly a case of man carrying out a death sentence given by a Higher Power.

Again, in Luke, Chapter 21, verses 20-24, Jesus tells us that "Jerusalem would be compassed with armies . . . and trodden down of the Gentiles," which was carried out by man when the Romans, under command of Titus, future Emperor, destroyed the city and many inhabitants in A.D. 70.

HISTORICAL.

manent opera in London? We are always being told that English people have no taste for music. But I am sure that everybody loves music. I mean good music, of course!

MUSIC LOVER.

ENGLISH LYRICS.

THERE is certainly a good deal in what "Music-Lover" says, but it is rather to be hoped that the custom of printing the name of the poet in brackets, after that the composer, should be confined to works of "particular sentimental beauty," to use his own expression.

In view of the overwhelming amount of "poor stuff" on the market, this rule would at least minimise the responsibility of those whose lot it is to compile the concert programmes and publishers' lists, and would, at any rate, have the desired effect of defining the true poem from the bad—the gold from the dross.

A. KIPPS-RUSHTON.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 16.—The beautiful daphne mezerium begins to open its fragrant red flowers. This is a precious shrub to have in the February garden, when its leafless shoots are wreathed with blossoms.

This daphne, found wild in some English woods, grows freely in deep, light soil. It is usually raised from seed. Round an established specimen seedlings always spring up.

Daphne cneorum (garland flower) is an exquisite dwarf spreading shrub suitable for the rockery. It thrives in peaty ground. E. F. T.

A STUDY OF THE DUKE'S BRIDE-TO-BE.

STORY OF A ROYAL LOVE MATCH AND ITS HEROINE.

By ONE WHO KNOWS HER.

THE girl whom the Duke of York has chosen to be his wife belongs to precisely the type and the social rank that the nation would most desire to see associated with the Royal Family.

Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon is one of the most charming girls I have met. But her charm has something gratifyingly "old-fashioned" about it.

For want of a better word I must use that one to characterise her quietness and gentleness of manner.

She is "modern" in the sense that she has had an education and opportunities that would no doubt have been denied to her grandmother. She is a reader of many books. She is a good dancer. But fortunately she does not belong to the "advanced" set of self-assertive young ladies who write books instead of reading them and who must go everywhere and be everywhere in order to "keep up to date."

It is an open secret that the Duke of York was not immediately accepted when his attachment to Lady Elizabeth began nearly two years ago.

When he stayed at Glamis Castle in September, 1921, the gossips began to report his engagement.

The gossips were, as usual, wrong.

There was no engagement. But the friends of the family knew that something had been hinted, something said—amongst other things, that Lady Elizabeth could not bring herself to accept the publicity and exaltation of a Royal match.

PERSEVERE!

"The moral for nice young men, then, is? 'Do not lose hope!' For the Duke of York has won by persevering.

When the Queen visited Glamis, not long after, gossips began to see "something in it." Gossips even obligingly and falsely engaged Lady Elizabeth to other Royal persons. "There must be something in it," they said. There was. There was the story of a courtship ardently pursued.

The Strathmore family has a great and interesting history. Everybody knows the stories about the ghost at Glamis. I believe Lady Elizabeth herself once tried to verify it by a search for the room where the ghost is stated to have his headquarters. For it is said that there is a chamber in the old castle inaccessible from within and invisible from without. Handkerchiefs were tied outside suspected windows—without result. But some years ago another member of the family told me that the ghost was "laid."

As things go in these days, Lady Elizabeth's people are not rich.

The fortune of the family came originally from that Sir Adam Bowes, a successful lawyer of the Middle Ages, who married the heiress of Trayne in 1310.

Centuries later, George Bowes, M.P. for the county of Durham, left a vast fortune to his daughter, Mary, who married the ninth Earl of Strathmore.

It was this unfortunate lady who, after the earl's death, married a Mr. Stoney, who made her very miserable.

Her story may have suggested an incident to Thackeray for his "Barry Lyndon."

OVEN-O.

CLEANS GAS COOKERS EASILY IN 10 MINUTES

and so saves gas, lightens gas bills, makes cooking easier and quicker . . . and the food tastes better.

Don't waste time scrubbing ovens. Dirt and grease disappear like magic at a touch of Oven-O.

Used and sold by the Richmond Gas Stove and Meter Co., Ltd.

Price 1/- per tin. If your dealer cannot supply, order direct from 2 tins 5/-; 1 tin 1/4 post free.

Name _____
Full Address _____
To HUGH McREA, LTD., Great Northern House, KING'S CROSS N.



THE DISSATISFIED WIFE

DON'T COMPLAIN ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND

By FLORENCE WILLOUGHBY.

THE other day I was talking to a young woman whom I believe to be very happily married.

Her home is comfortable; her husband harmless. There may be more "romantic" associations in the wide world, but this, I fancy, would be enough to satisfy most women, in days when so many have not homes to go to, but do have husbands that are not exactly harmless.

And yet... And yet it seems to be a point of honour—or of policy—with my friend to let all her intimates know that she is no more happy than she deserves to be.

It isn't that she is in manifest rebellion. It isn't that she makes any formal complaint. It's only that she has an innocent casual way of dropping a few hints about flaws in the domestic bliss.

Little things, of course.

A suggestion, here, that he is hard to please about food. Another suggestion that he wouldn't like it if she adopted some course of mild amusement proposed by herself, or another.

"Now that I'm married," she will say, and say no more. But you will gather from her consequent silence that one has very little freedom when one's married.

What is the effect of all this upon us—upon her friends?

Well, with many of us, it amounts to the gradual building up of a substantial "case" against her invisible husband.

Surely he must be a tyrant, thus to control her movements? Obviously one of those difficult men who fuss about housekeeping!

It gets worse than that. He's a "horrid man." He's cruel. He's a wife-beater. Rumour has an inveterate way of expanding.

And at last, inevitably, the time comes—it must come—when some indiscreet, perhaps

elderly male friend of the wife, worked upon by an accumulation of trifles, bursts forth into vocal accusation of the harmless husband. He's a brute! He's all the other things she has slowly, but unconsciously, given the impression that he is. He must be suppressed, divorced, extradited, prosecuted, imprisoned.

A gross exaggeration, certainly; as the complaining wife realises, when she hears the charge thus exploded—when she thus becomes suddenly aware of the full force of her complaints rebounding upon her. "A brute?" No, poor dear, he's by no means that! Let us

go home and console him.

She goes, and so often her method of consoling him is to tell him that "he's a dear, in spite of what people say!"

People? What people?

At once his suspicious are aroused. Somebody has been talking against him. Who?

In this moment of completely recovered harmony between complaining wife and husband complained-of, she

tells him who it was. It was myself. It was also somebody else. In fact, it was all sorts of people. "Brutes! Well, anyhow, we shan't know them again!"

They don't. Both of them thenceforward cut us. They quarrel with us, after having made it up with one another. Until next time! Until new trifling complaints send her for sympathy to new friends.

All this, you will admit, is very tiresome. My advice to sympathetic friends who receive matrimonial confidences therefore is: "Don't sympathise too soon or too much!"

My advice to essentially happy but slightly irritable wives is: "Don't complain of your husbands to strangers! Either get on with them or go away from them. Don't advertise their failings if you really love them very much!"



Don't be too confidential to friends—even if they are elderly—about your grievances.

THE RESOURCEFUL MACARONI.

MANY years ago when I was very small, my grandmother used to sing us an old rhyme which ran something like this:—

"Punch and Judy came to town
Upon a little pony;
Punch stuck a feather in his hat
And called out Macaroni."

The last word was always shouted with intense satisfaction. Indeed, there seemed something about that particular article of diet which appealed to us as being irresistibly comic, and even now I have met quite

a number of grown-up people who will treat the word "macaroni" with levity.

And yet to the tired housewife who wrestles daily with the problem of infusing a little variety into the eternal chop, steak or roast, what a mine of resource there is in this one product, did she but know it.

In this country macaroni, and especially that form of it known as spaghetti, is invariably

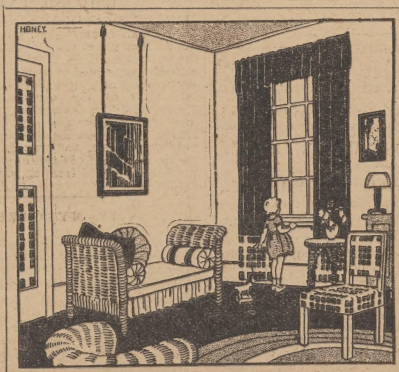
served up with tomatoes and cheese. Children are apt to be extremely fond of the following rather unusual sweet: Take lb. of cold boiled macaroni, mix well with lb. of breadcrumbs, a few currants and sufficient egg and milk to bind the whole.

Separate into little cakes and fry in deep butter. Serve very hot and dredged with castor sugar. They are called angel cakes.

Here is a Tuscan recipe for a succulent soup:—

There are needed one quart of fresh cabbage water, two bay leaves, a large pinch of paprika (easily obtainable here), some sticks of celery, one turnip, one carrot, two or three small onions, one egg and a pound of macaroni or spaghetti.

Boil the vegetables in the cabbage water until tender, then add the seasoning and spaghetti; cook for half an hour longer, and, just before serving, add the egg (previously hard boiled and thinly sliced), and cup of Parmesan cheese.



The popularity of wicker and cane furniture is increasing, while padded backs and seats ensure comfort.



The charm of black is emphasised by this day gown made of black face cloth trimmed with fancy braid and pipings of royal blue.—(Lucile.)

WOMAN OF THE WEEK.

SPORT-LOVING EARL'S DAUGHTER CHOOSES UNUSUAL HONEYMOON.

NOT every bride elects to go big game shooting on her honeymoon, but Lady Mary Egerton, the only daughter of the late Earl of Wilton and of Mariota Lady Wilton, who was married last week to Mr. R. B. Boyd, is about to depart to East Africa on a six months' shooting expedition. Like her father, Lady Mary is devoted to sport in its every form. She is already a widely experienced traveller, but the land of the jungle holds a special fascination for her.



Lady Mary Egerton.

Honeymoon plans necessitated a rushed wedding, guests being notified of the engagement and the date of the wedding at the same time. The bride wore a draped dress of all white, with the new fashionable long sleeves, and, like many of this season's brides, carried a white Prayer Book instead of flowers. She chose an unusual shade of grey for her four bridesmaids.

FOR A DAINTY TABLE.

INEXPENSIVE DECORATIONS THAT GIVE CHEER.

THIS is the time when every housewife steals a few minutes to take an inventory of her linen cupboard.

If she has time to spare she makes a few delicious little table sets in readiness for some festive luncheon or dinner-party. It is so easy to make one's table look pretty, now that the multi-coloured anemones and other spring flowers are making a cheerful appearance.

A very satisfying set, comprising table runner, doilies and napkins, can be made from white linen, the best parts of a much-worn sheet or tablecloth being used for the purpose.

EFFECT ON FOOD.

These can be embroidered round the edges with cross-stitch or the easy and effective Greek key pattern in thick china blue cotton, and if for a centre-piece you fill a deep blue bowl full of daffodils or jonquils, I'll guarantee that even cold mutton and rice pudding would assume a delicacy of flavour.

Checked voile edged with coarse torchon lace would make a pretty and inexpensive "set," while the nursery folk would appreciate their very own table runner of oatmeal canvas lavishly worked upon in brightly-coloured wools.

P. H.

Beige hopsack with a black stripe makes this arresting country tailor-made suit, and white cosine feathers trim the hat of plush.—(Viola.)

BATHS FOR BEAUTY.

HOW YOU MAKE THE SCENTED CRYSTALS.

NOTHING so soothes the nerves and re-energises the tired body than a leisurely-taken bath.

Those who have experienced the effects of a bath of rain water will know this.

Still, not every one can have this super-beauty bath, but with the aid of the many good bath salts on the market a very good substitute can be found.

Bath salts, however, are expensive for the girl with limited means, but here is a tried recipe that can be made at home.

A tablespoonful of this will soften and perfume the bath, giving a bath fit for that discriminating princess in the fairy tales whose sensibility was so great that her sleep was disturbed by the tiny pea placed under five mattresses.

Take one pound of soda and spread it out to dry in the oven for about six hours. The oven must not be too hot, then break it up when cold, and put into a large bottle. Add half an ounce of oil of lavender and leave uncovered for about an hour, then cork down and use as wanted.

Of course, these salts can be coloured if wished.

For those who prefer sweet smelling herbs a few sprigs of rosemary will give the bath that peculiar fragrance which this accommodating little herb gives us, even in winter time, calling up memories of the scents of a past summer.

When one is thoroughly tired out a tablespoonful of mustard, by preference that which is sold by the firm especially for baths, is an ideal restorative.

A. B.

SHOE TREATMENT.

A PATENT leather shoe always carries an air of smartness with it; but how one wishes it would always remain as fresh and shiny-looking as on the day when it first became our own. Few people know that patent leather should always be warmed before it is worn, not by putting it before the fire, of course, but by means of a warmed cloth or even the hand. Anoint your shoes with a little vasoline before putting them away and rub them over with a soft rag just before you wear them again.



Mr. Gerold Druce, M.Sc., London, the first Englishman to become a Doctor of Natural Science at the University of Prague.



Miss Ninette de Valois, who will dance with Lopokova in the revue "You'd Be Surprised" at Covent Garden.

THE DUKE OF YORK.

Popularity in the Air Force—As a Motorist—In Oxford-street!

LIKE THE PRINCE OF WALES, the Duke of York has never lost touch with many friends he made during his period of military service. He went through a most thorough training for the Air Force, an experience which brought him into touch with many "temporary" officers whom he would not otherwise have met. It has been his delight to ask them to what he calls "Buck House," otherwise Buckingham Palace, for a friendly pipe and a chat.

"Bertie."

The Duke of York was taught flying at Croydon with the training squadron commanded by Major Bird, D.S.O. He was very popular at the depot, and his nickname in the Air Service was, and still is, "Bertie." The air-mechanics would do anything for him at any time, and were specially concerned for his safety.

Round the House Tops.

One day a mechanic, who was late for an appointment in the catwalk, was discovered by a search party of his friends hard at work "tuning up" an Avro aeroplane. In reply to the usual reproaches, the mechanic said, "I'm busy for a bit; Bertie's going mooching round the 'ouse tops this afternoon."

Old Iron!

The Duke is keen on cars as well as on flying machines, and is sometimes to be seen in London driving a smart little blue two-seater. One evening when he was leaving a theatre with Lord Louis Mountbatten he said, "Now, Louis, where is your old iron?" which referred to the magnificent Rolls-Royce car, which was Lady Louis Mountbatten's wedding present to her husband. H.R.H. jumped up in the front seat beside Lord Louis, and the "old iron" went along Oxford-street in fine style.

Family of Soldiers.

The family of the Earl of Strathmore, one of whose ancestors was slain at Sheriffmuir, have maintained their fighting traditions. Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon's eldest brother, Lord Glamis, was wounded as a Major of the Black Watch during the war; another brother, the Hon. John Bowes-Lyon, was also wounded, and her third brother, Michael, was taken prisoner in 1917. One of her cousins was killed and others wounded in the earlier phases of the struggle.

Leicester M.P.'s Play.

Reginald Berkeley, author of "French Leave" and now M.P. for a Leicester division, is not allowing his parliamentary duties to exclude all theatrical work. He tells me that he has nearly finished a play, "with the Pacific as a background," and has another long play in contemplation.

To Italy.

Lord and Lady Hartington, who have gone abroad for a few weeks, are both very fond of travelling, and this is not their first trip to Italy. Their small family will be at Chatsworth during their absence. Lord Hartington, of course, is the Duke of Devonshire's heir.



Lord Hartington.

Busy Duke.

Lord Hartington's father is a very busy man. In addition to his work as Colonial Secretary, he has a great deal of business to do in connection with his estates. An Eastbourne gentleman who often has to see the Duke as found him working away in his shirt-sleeves as early as eight o'clock in the morning.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

The Queen's Desire.

The Duke of York could not have chosen a bride who would fit into the Royal Family circle better than Lady Elisabeth Bowes-Lyon, and it is no secret that the Queen has hoped most sincerely that she would have her as a daughter-in-law.

Not "Modern."

Though full of fun, she bears no resemblance to the modern girl who lives for dancing and excitement and finds home ties irksome. Lady Elisabeth, on the contrary, is never so happy as when she is at home, and she takes a pleasure in performing all the small duties which have fallen to her share as the only unmarried daughter of an old and stately family.

Ghosts in Plenty.

The ghost and the secret chambers of Glamis are the most famous of that countryside, but they have rivals in nearly every one of the many castles of Forfarshire. Ethie Castle, the Earl of Northesk's place near Arbroath, has its spook, and parts of the ancient building had been locked up for generations when the present Earl's father had them reopened. At the same time he opened the wine cellars and distributed much of their priceless contents to local hospitals.

Fashion's "Snap."

I had a call yesterday from Miss May Christie, who seemed very proud of her new American fur-trimmed coat. She explained that the American fashions this year are "full of snap," and when I asked her what "snap" signified in relation to feminine adornment, she said, "punch, or pep," which shows what a prolonged visit to the States can do! She found the feeling towards this country verging on the cordial—and New York, despite prohibition, very "wet."



Miss May Christie.

Taken as Red!

Miss Christie was missioned to carry to America the ex-Kaiser's Memoirs, with the original "Imperial" corrections in red ink. She was actually filmed holding the precious parcel! Half a million dollars was paid for the book by the American publishers. Miss Christie, who has four stories being published next month (two of them have been in The Daily Mirror serials), tells me that when in full flight she taps out 4,000 words a day.

Novel Election.

Newcastle, which sends a new member to Parliament to-morrow, was once the scene of a novel election. In 1885 the Liberal candidate, Joseph Cowen, who was opposed to the practice of canvassing, determined to dispense with all organised aid, except that of his legal agent. The result was that Cowen was returned at the top of the poll.

"The Young Idea."

Mr. Noel Coward's new play, "The Young Idea," is, I see, due for presentation at the Savoy on February 1. The title is an apt one, but I wonder how many readers are aware of the fact that it is a quotation. It may be found in Thomson's now little read poem, "The Seasons":—

*Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.*

Popular Vicar.

The Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, who has left England on a visit to the United States, is probably the best-known clergyman in London. Since his appointment to the living of St. Martin-in-the-Fields eight years ago, "Dick" Sheppard—as his friends love to call him—has transformed that church into one of the most effective preaching centres in England; while its special musical services invariably draw crowded congregations.

To Fly to Spain.

Mr. Robert Loraine, the actor-airman, has bought his own aeroplane, in which he will travel to a series of "flying matinees" which he is giving in the provinces. "I have had so little time for flying recently," he tells me, "that I am taking the opportunity of indulging my favourite pastime. After I have finished with this tour I am taking a flying holiday across the Continent to Spain."

New Russian Trade Policy.

After her long stagnation, Russia seems at last to be awakening to the necessity for re-habilitating her industries. During the coming year she intends to become, as far as possible, self-supporting; and as a first step it has been decided that no more orders for locomotives and railway materials shall be placed outside the land of the Soviets. It is likely that the new policy will be extended to other requirements.

Change of Face.

As part of the same movement, there is an altogether new interest in the well-being of intellectual and professional workers. The Commissars have suddenly realised their folly in treating so cavalierly the brains of the country, and efforts are being made to alleviate the hard lot of the few scientific workers who remain. Among other special attentions, they are being given priority in all schemes to improve housing conditions in Moscow.

Unexpected Glee.

That talented quartette, the Gresham Singers, who gave a recital of part songs, madrigals and carols at the Wigmore Hall last night, are frequently guests of Lord Lonsdale, who is very fond of part singing. At a dinner at his town house recently he distributed the Gresham Singers amongst his guests at the table and asked them to strike up quite unexpectedly during dinner to the surprise of his party.

A Worker in Wool.

"Who's Who" gives golf as the recreation of Mr. Henry Hoare, a partner in the famous Fleet-street banking firm. But he has another, and there is no secret about it. He is an exhibitor at the Burlington House Show of Decorative Art, and his exhibit is a cover for a chair seat worked in coloured wools!

From My Diary.

Ignorance causes indifference, indifference begets selfishness, and so nations and humanity suffer.—P. Y. Seddon.



The Hon. Mrs. Claude Yorke, wife of the Hon. Claude John Yorke, brother of the Earl of Hardwicke.



Miss Phyllis Timmins, who joins "Batling Butler" at the New Oxford on Friday after a long illness.

In Golden Valley!

Lady Raglan has had excellent news of her daughter Freda (who married Commander Hughes Hallett last summer), and her letters say she is having a very happy time in Rangoon, where they have settled down in a charming house in what is known as the Golden Valley Estate. Lady Raglan is living at her new flat in Ashley-gardens with another daughter, the Hon. Ivy Somerset.

D'Annunzio's Isolation.

Gabriele d'Annunzio (my correspondent tells me) has decided to visit Paris this spring. His many friends have inundated him with offers of hospitality, but he has declined them all, and is taking a villa at Saint-Cloud, just outside the capital.

A Pilot.

The Prince of Wales has had some flying experience, but the Duke of York is, at present, the only royal pilot. He is entitled to use the "wings," which denote that the wearer has passed all the tests of solo flying.

How to Keep Well.

Sir William Treloar, the City's "grand old man," now in his eighty-first year, gives this advice to anybody desiring a long and healthy life: "Don't take too much care about anything, especially your health."

For Untidy Smokers.

A cigarette-tube with an attachment to catch the ash is the latest smokers' novelty in Paris, a correspondent tells me. Some of these combination holder-ashtrays are most beautifully chased, and, though unusual, are by no means unsightly. THE RAMBLER.

You need the Proved Health-BUILDER

Run-down, easily tired, depressed, weary by day and sleepless at night, you cannot afford to experiment with this, that, or the other wine, whether "tonic" or otherwise.

You need at once Hall's Wine—the proved health-builder, the wine "impossible to take without being benefited" (as a doctor wrote). Your health is certainly worth the cost of a short course of Hall's Wine.

How Doctors and Patients have Proved Hall's Wine.

INFLUENZA. "In general weakness following Influenza I found Hall's Wine acted as a wonderful restorative."

CONVALESCENCE. "I regularly prescribe Hall's Wine to patients during convalescence."

Hall's Wine nourishes, invigorates, sustains, renews the power of your body to resist disease; enriches the blood, builds up the nerves, restores wasted tissue; strengthens the digestive processes.

NEURASTHENIA. "I know the great value of Hall's Wine in Neurasthenia and General Weakness."

OVERWORK. "I have been 'overdoing it' and find Hall's Wine an excellent tonic."

ANEMIA. "I am suffering from Anemia and I consider it advisable for her to have Hall's Wine."

INSOMNIA. "I suffered from Weakness and Insomnia. After having tried Hall's Wine I feel a different person."

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

WARNING—Hall's Wine is the prescription of a doctor and contains health-building properties found in no other wine, tonic or otherwise. Do not sacrifice health to save a few pence, but take the wine of proved worth in all cases of weakness.

Buy a Bottle To-day. Insist on Hall's Wine.

Large Size, 6/- Smaller, 3/3.

Of Wine Merchants and Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

Sole Proprietors: Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.B.



THE ROYAL BETROTHAL—THE WIDELY VARIED INTERESTS OF THE



Lady Elisabeth Bowes-Lyon shaking hands with a wounded soldier.



Lady Elisabeth Bowes-Lyon in the dress she wore as one of Princess Mary's bridesmaids.



Lady Elisabeth photographed with Princess Mary and V.



The Earl and Countess of Strathmore, Lady Elisabeth's parents.



The Duke of York is a really good lawn tennis player, and has appeared in tournaments.



The Duke of York with a patient at the Queen's Hospital



Lord Glamis, Lady Elisabeth's brother, has been an officer of the Black Watch.



An unconventional snapshot of the Duke of York bowing from his motor-car.



The Duke of York during a

The nation, which barely a year ago rejoiced so heartily at the wedding of Princess Mary, rejoices equally to-day at the announcement of the betrothal of her second

DUKE OF YORK—HIS FIANCEE AS PRINCESS MARY'S BRIDESMAID



...elles after their wedding at Westminster Abbey.



A recent studio portrait of the Duke of York, which is thoroughly characteristic.



A studio portrait of Lady Elisabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon



The Duke (right) in an aeroplane about to fly to France.



The Duke of York in academic robes after receiving an honorary degree.



The Duke, after a military inspection, receives a request for his autograph.



The Duke in naval uniform inspecting tiny "wolf-cubs."



Lady Elisabeth and Mr. Ralston, the factor of her father's estates.

...ghland dress ...nd, ...one of her own closest friends, and the daughter of an historic Scottish house. The Duke of York is twenty-seven, five years older than his beautiful bride-to-be.

GLACE KID
WARD or HOUSE
SHOE.
Usual Price
12/6
Bargain
Price

11/4

Superior Glace Kid
Lace, Self or
Patent Cap.
Usual Price
24/6
Bargain
Price

21/4

Superior Glace Kid
Gibson, Patent Cap.
Usual Price
21/6
Bargain
Price

21/4

Superior
Glace Kid
Lace.
Patent Cap.
Usual Price
20/6
Bargain
Price

26/4

BENDUBLE SHOE CO. BARGAINS.

Our Ward and House Shoes are

FAVOURITES EVERYWHERE.

Their Silence and Comfort make them essential for the Ward or Sick Room, their Flexibility and Smartness make them a pleasure for the house. Wherever introduced they invariably

GIVE COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

To increase their popularity and also that of our equally famous Outdoor BOOTS and SHOES, we are offering our Specialities at the following

REDUCTIONS.

| | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 12/9 for 11/4 | 1/11 for 1/9 |
| 13/9 " 12/4 | 2/3 " 2/1 |
| 16/6 " 14/4 | 2/11 " 2/8 |
| 18/6 " 16/4 | 3/11 " 3/8 |
| 21/6 " 18/4 | 4/11 " 4/7 |
| 24/6 " 21/4 | 6/11 " 6/5 |
| 29/6 " 26/4 | 7/11 " 7/4 |
| 31/6 " 28/4 | 8/11 " 8/3 |
| 36/6 " 32/4 | 9/6 " 8/8 |

POSTAGE FREE ON ORDERS OVER 10/-

THESE BARGAINS ARE ABSOLUTELY GENUINE.

All the reductions are made from REGULAR STOCK GOODS, and we give our assurance that no single pair supplied has been specially made for the purpose of a SALE, therefore they are ALL REAL BARGAINS. You are invited to

CALL AT OUR SHOWROOMS

for a personal inspection or to

WRITE FOR A FREE BOOKLET.

which will be sent POST FREE by return, or you can send for your Bargain today, specifying Size, Design, etc. But **DO NOT FORGET!** To secure these Reduced Prices, the COUPON below must accompany your order.

BARGAIN COUPON.

This COUPON must be presented, or posted, to THE BENDUBLE SHOE CO. to secure the REDUCED PRICES.

"D. Mirror," Jan. 17/23.

NO REDUCTION WITHOUT THE COUPON.

BENDUBLE SHOE CO.

(W. H. HARKER.)

COMMERCE HOUSE, 72, Oxford St., London, W.1 (1st Floor).

PERSONAL.

Rate 1s. per word (minimum 5s.); name and address must be sent. Trade advts. 1s. 6d. per word.

SUPERFLUOUS hair permanently removed from face with electrolysis: ladies only—Miss Florence Wood, 29, Granville-gardens, Shepherd's Bush, W. 12. Min. 7s. 6d. COPIES of photographs appearing in "The Daily Mirror" may be purchased by readers at the usual prices on application to the office.

DRESSES.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

A BANY'S magnificent complete Lingerie; every required garment, Swiss robes, Swiss gowns, embroidered nighties, wrapper vests, head shawls, hand maids, dainties, towels, robe petticoats, terry napkins; a genuine bargain; accept 52s. 6d.; send 2s. 6d. for parcel on approval—Mrs. E. Barker, 31a, Brougham-st., Southsea.

DUTY Weatherproofs cleaned, returned to original luster and shade and reproofed; ladies 7s. 6d., Gent's 5s. 6d.; French Coat 9s. 6d.; Franco-Berber treatment restores the original appearance and luster; send postage & packing; send for illustrated interesting story price list, giving full details of Franco-Berber Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing Suits, Costumes, etc.—Address Dept. M.H., Castlebank Dyeworks, Annandale, Glasgow.

ELEGANT Mughal Self Conceal Coat, latest style, roll collar; rich silk lined, superb 40s. model, as new, 3 guineas; approval—Maid, 6, Chelmsford S.W. 2.

LADY offers beautiful 24 1/2s. Silk Macintosh, never worn, for 30s.; also 7s. 6d. (Gorham), Corsets, etc. fashionable styles. Reasonable prices, easy terms; write for Catalogue and Patterns, post free—J. G. Graves, Ltd., Sheffield.

NAVY Naval Serge and Flannel, 1s. 11d. to 3s. 6d. yds.; silk hats, free—Beaumont's, Contractors, Portsmouth.

SILK Stockings, perfect, 2s. post free; worst 3s. 11d.; rich lustre Silk 1s. extra—Wigman, 23, Skipton-st., Stepney.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

CITAS, STILES AND CO.—Pianos by high-grade makers, new and second-hand, for sale, hire or nine-months' possession invited.—75-76, Southampton-row, W.C. 1. Phone Museum 430.

PIANO Bargains, new and second-hand; best makes from 21s. monthly—Parkers, 167, Bishopsgate.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

A1 METAL CO. buys old Silver 2s. oz., Gold 24 oz., Platinum 12 oz. oz., Kentshire Town, N.W. 1.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth Old Bought, best prices given; up to 7s. per tooth pinned on vulcanite; 12s. on silver; 15s. on gold; 22 on gold; cash price; no return; if offer not accepted teeth returned; post free; satisfaction guaranteed—S. Cunn and Co. (Dept. D.M.), 69a, Market-st., Manchester.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth Old Bought; genuine prices later; increase; up to 12s. each on vulcanite; silver 13s., gold 15s., 6d., platinum 22s.; call or post; cash at once; mention "Daily Mirror"—Messrs. Page, 219, Oxford-street, Field, 150 years' experience, 25, Duke-street, Brighton.

WANTED, Coloured Prints, by Baxter, Le-Hound and others; local in clubs; cash; best price; no return; music, etc.; private collector—Powell, Floodgate-street, Birmingham.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

FURNITURE Carpets, Pianos, etc. Second-hand, Modern and Antique—200 complete Bedrooms Suits from 9s. up to 250s.; antique bed-room Chests and Tallboys, 20 cheaply antique Chesters from 6 guineas; comfortable Lounge Chairs, sofas, etc. from 100 guineas; set of 10 bed and dining-room Furniture; 7 piece Chesterfield Suits from 10 guineas; sets of every description; from 10 guineas to 2 guineas; quantity Persian Rugs; 50 Pianos from 19 guineas; and for sale—Corrigan's Furniture and Carriage Repairs, Ltd., 273, Penzance-street, King's Cross N. near King's Cross Station, Hours, 9 till 6 including Saturdays. Goods stored for 12 months if desired or delivered town or country.

A January Necessity



Gives

Strength to resist- Power to recover

Only those who weather the winter by taking Oxo regularly fully appreciate its power to maintain sound nutrition—its value as a health safeguard.

Every bottle of Oxo contains the proteins and accessory food-substances of beef—factors of the utmost value in the vital work of keeping the body properly nourished and rebuilding the tissue-cells.

£100
for
Correct Solution of
OXO Puzzle

Only two days remain in which you can apply for the Oxo Puzzle.

£100 will be awarded to the winner of the solution which coincides with the correct solution, providing it is received within the period allowed by the rules. If more than one correct solution is received within that period, the £100 will be equally divided amongst the senders thereof.

Each application must be accompanied by the wrapper from a 1s. 11d. (or larger) bottle of Oxo and two 1d. stamps.

Post at once to OXO Ltd., 30 Thames House, London.

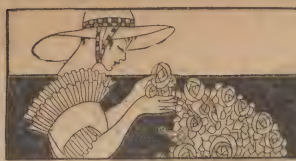
For Invalids.

Time and again when nothing has seemed to do any good the easily-assimilable and recuperative power of Oxo has quickly put the patient on his feet again.

OXO PRICES.

| | |
|------------|-----------|
| 1 oz. 7d. | 2 oz. 1/1 |
| 4 oz. 1/11 | 8 oz. 3/6 |
| 16 oz. 5/6 | |

Don't get run
down—take



Gandied flower-petals make dainty sweets.

BUSY DAY DINNERS

SOME RECIPES FOR WHOLESOME HOME COOKING.

THE quickest casserole dish is a pound and a half of the best end of neck of mutton. Put it in the casserole with two tablespoons of pearl barley and some potatoes peeled and cut in half. Well cover with water and simmer or bake all the morning. At eleven add a little salt, pepper and one small pinch of herbs.

Another good casserole dish can be prepared overnight.

Peel and slice enough carrots, onions and turnips to thickly cover the bottom of the casserole and pour over them a pint of boiling water and add a pinch of salt. In the morning place on this a pound of beef steak cut into strips and the whole on the gas until the juices and water boil. Then slip into a moderate oven, and it will need no more attention until dinner time.

Whole potatoes can be put in if there is room. Otherwise bake them in the same oven in their skins.

BEANS AND BACON.

Put a pound of butter beans to soak the day before you need them, and before breakfast put these on to simmer in a good deal of water with a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. Ten minutes before dinner time add a little salt and boil up quickly. Meantime, fry some rashers of bacon, and when the beans are strained off toss them in the bacon fat and serve the rashers on top.

Remember you can make the batter for pancakes the night before—it will be all the better for it. And when you are in a hurry take your largest pan and make large pancakes instead of dainty little ones. Never mind about rolling them, serve them on a very hot dish and let each person add lemon and sugar to taste.

A baked suet pudding needs very little attention. Mix all the dry ingredients overnight and just add the sour milk or milk and water in the morning, put it in a baking tin, and after the first ten minutes turn the gas oven very low.

HASTY SANDWICHES

NOVEL QUICK LUNCH RECIPES.

WE have the Americans to thank for the introduction of many new dishes to the table. In no branch of cookery is this more noticeable than in sandwich-making. Their quick-lunch counters are an education in the varieties of the sandwich.

As for a cream cheese, then beat it till moist with a little French dressing. Now spread thin slices of unsweetened brown bread with the mixture and first sprinkle them thickly with finely minced hazel nuts or walnuts, and then lightly with salt and pepper. Cover each slice with a thinly buttered slice of bread, trim off the crusts, cut in strips, and toast lightly on both sides.

THIN YELLOW BOYS

Are as novel as they sound, and specially appetising for a cold day lunch or Sunday night supper. Shell and finely chop six hard-boiled eggs, then melt a cup butter in a saucepan, add the eggs, one tablespoon French mustard, two tablespoons white vinegar and one tablespoonful each of finely minced tarragon leaves, chervil, parsley and shallots. Toss all lightly together, season with salt and freshly-ground pepper, mix thoroughly, and spread between slices of hot buttered toast.

HAWAIIAN FINGERS

Make savoury sandwiches for a bridge party. Open a small tin of tuna fish, and take the fish up with a little salt, pepper, a tablespoon minced pimento, and a cup cooked salad dressing. Spread between two slices of buttered bread, remove crusts, then toast and serve.

HEALTHY PLANTS.

HOUSE plants must never be watered with cold water; if they are to be kept in good condition the chill should always be taken off. A cold douche is a serious setback to a plant that spends most of its life in a heated room.

Some people use the diluted remains of the teapot for their plants, and ascribe their good condition to some "virtue" in the tea.

The reason more probably lies in the fact that the mixture is never actually cold, and so does not check the growth of the plants by chilling the roots.

Gardeners always water the greenhouse plants with water that has been lying in the greenhouse, and is therefore at the same temperature as the plants.

Rain-water is the best for all plants.

Why Not Be Beautiful?

WHAT TEN MINUTES AT THE DRESSING-TABLE WILL DO.

JUST those few minutes every night devoted to a quiet chat with your mirror. What a world of difference they make.

After all you don't grudge an extra ten minutes to finish that thrilling story, or when your best friend with a glance at the clock, says she must be going—and immediately starts on another cigarette and a fresh topic.

Your mirror is your best friend if you only know it. Always at hand to give you voice and help you make the best of yourself.

So don't grudge those few before-bedtime minutes when, wrapped in a warm



The small lady who appears so often in the decoration of the boudoir has a skirt, the hem of which, turned up, forms pockets, so accommodating for the odds and ends necessary to the toilet. The umbrella of the little black boy has a useful "fringe" of pins. The handle is formed by a long hat pin. The small round mirror is framed in tiny silk roses, larger padded ones support it on either side.

dressing gown you draw up a chair before her, and, chin propped in hand, strive to find the reason for your looking so decidedly "off" that day.

Compare your appearance with that of others who by reason of their something-different-somewhere look made such an impression upon you.

That honey-haired girl at the dance who held everyone's attention. She wasn't really beautiful you know. But it was that exquisite look of good grooming that drew an involuntary smile of appreciation.

Then there was that little girl in the bus. How pretty her eyes were. Without their radiant charm she would have been plain. But they were liquid and clear and looked well taken care of.

Now make up your mind to devote ten minutes a night to the perfection of your own beauty and you will be repaid a hundred-fold.

It is your duty to yourself and to those you live with to make the best of yourself and so help to alleviate the greyness of the world.

Every woman, unless she squints and has no teeth, can be beautiful. While the knowledge that you

are good to look at can alter your whole manner, character and outlook on life.

If you know you are looking your best you will be at your best.

An easy air of assurance, a tolerance of life's little worries falls upon you. Unconsciously the world becomes sweeter, conversation brighter and deportment more graceful.

Beauty, says the cynic, is but skin deep.

That isn't true. It goes much further and touches the soul.

PHILLIDA.



Inset strips of brocade make novel sleeves.

DYE YOUR FROCKS.

HOW YOU MAY OBTAIN THE BEST RESULTS.

BEFORE you dye any article you must find out whether it is woven from animal or vegetable fibres.

Wool or pure silk (animal fibres) must never be allowed to boil. Also they take the dye far quicker than cotton or artificial silk (vegetable fibres). These you must boil well if you want to get a fast colour.

To tell the different kinds of fibre, draw out a few threads from the material. You can generally manage to do this from the turning on the inside of the garment, and hold them in the flame of a candle. If they twist and writhe while burning and smell rather unpleasant, like burning feathers, you can be certain that they are animal fibres. If they burn smoothly and leave a white ash they are vegetable fibres. The articles to be dyed must be absolutely clean. See that no grease marks are left, because a greasy fabric will not take the dye evenly, and the result is a horrible "patchiness."

TEST THE COLOUR.

All articles should be soaked in cold water for ten or fifteen minutes before dyeing.

Your dye-bath should be a really large vessel. This is filled with hot water and placed over a gas jet. Then you dissolve the dye in a cup and strain it through a piece of muslin. If you don't do this, tiny undissolved particles of dye are almost sure to stick to the material and produce dark spots.

Then pour part of the dye into the bath and test the colour with some odd bits of fabric to be dyed. This takes time, but it is worth it if in the end you get the exact shade you want.

When you have settled this to your liking, place the garment in the bath and let it soak for fifteen minutes, stirring now and then. If it is a cotton fabric, the dye is allowed to boil fast all the time.

Then pour off the dye and fill the bath with cold water; leave for a few minutes and pour off again. This is repeated until all the superfluous dye has soaked out and the rinse-water is quite clear.

BOUDOIR COATEES.

STYLES PRETTY AND PRACTICAL.

EVERY woman—even the busiest—indulges in the luxury of breakfast-in-bed at some time or another, and she generally has a dainty coatee to slip on and help her enjoy it.

This may be made of a fine Shetland shawl over a foundation of Jap silk edged with marabout, crepe de Chine trimmed with a little real lace, or a very practical affair of flowered Government linen, silk-lined and decorated with soft feather fringes.

TEMPER TRIERS.

Now, if worn over a silk nightie, the coat usually has a very irritating way of slipping off the shoulders, first one, then the other.

The constant little hitches required to keep it in place may spoil the enjoyment of your buttered eggs and grape fruit—curious how these little things are more wearing to the temper than the big ones—and a brooch or a pin put only once into crepe de Chine often leaves a tiny disfiguring hole. So when making your breakfast-in-bed coatee obviate this temper test by sewing a piece of two-inch-wide satin ribbon on either side, so that they form cross-over braces in front.

They can be tied loosely at the back or press-fastened, and you will find these ribbon braces quite decorative and a boon when your arms need free play for the manipulation of a coffee-pot or the morning paper.

TOILET ACCESSORIES.

ODD-SHAPED mirrors form a distinctive feature of the up-to-date dressing table. A fan-shaped one is framed in decorated wood. Pever bows grow larger and larger; the handles, sometimes of fantastic figures, are noticeably tall. Perfume burners are exotic, but have a charm quite their own. A small nosegay of flowers (whether artificial or real) on the table of the same kind of flower as the perfume burnt is an appropriate and pretty addition.

SOMETHING NOVEL.

EVEN though Christmas is over, it is nearly always somebody's birthday. If you want to make a really novel gift, buy a plain wicker waste-paper basket and proceed to paint it. Ordinary hat-dye—obtainable in a variety of colours—does very well for this purpose.

£100

Does your Kiddie Look as Clever as this One?

If so, you stand a good chance of winning one of the big cash prizes offered in the new CLEVER CHILDREN COMPETITION. Full particulars and coupon in this week's

HOME NOTES

NOW ON SALE 2D.

Read "The Mating of Marcus" by Mabel Barnes-Grundy.



Player's "Country Life" Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

10 FOR 5^{1D.}₂Ask for the Blue Carton.Manufactured by the Proprietors of
Player's "Country Life" Smoking
Mixture.

From a drawing by Hugh Thomson
Hypermarket of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

"And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind;
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurments ne'er surprise."
—From the "ANGLER'S SONG."

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co.
(of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

K. 1026

Cadbury's Milk Chocolate

"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE"



"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"

1¹/₃ HALF
POUND
PACKET

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

"Taste and Guess"
—a favourite party game!

Children love mystery—it is delightful to watch bright faces aglow with eagerness awaiting the mysterious mouthful. There is a dance of delight when it turns out to be

BIRD'S Blanc-Mange

Bird's Blanc-Mange quickly sets to a firm creamy mould. It melts in the mouth like a snowflake, and being all nourishment, never disagrees.

The Trying Term

For parents and school authorities, this is the most anxious term of the school year.

The vitality of children has been lowered by the fogs of November and December. Now come January with snow and sleet, February "Fill-Dyke," and the piercing winds of March. It is the season for coughs, colds and epidemics.

How can young bodies be fortified against this time of strain?

Virol increases the Body's natural powers of resistance

Virol feeds the blood, on which the vitality of the whole body depends and supplies those elements that enable the body to transform food into living tissue.

This is the time to build up the body of your boy or girl, and to make it strong to resist the attacks of disease. Give your child Virol regularly through the winter.

Children of
school age
need
VIROL
in Winter.

VIROL

Virol is used in more than 3,000 Hospitals, Consumption Sanatoria, etc. In Jars, 1/3, 2/-, 3/9.

VIROL LIMITED, HANGER LANE, EALING, LONDON, W.5.

MARKETING BY POST.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
COAL—Trucks any Station, Silchester House, 17s. ton at pit—Buckley Colliery, Dept. 14, Cheltenham.
FISH—Buy direct to secure quality and variety; special family parcels 4s. 6d. per lb., delivered; Little Ferry trade supplied—Star Fish Co. Grimsby.
Fruit—Fresh from the sea, carriages paid to your door; sample package 4s.; special terms to Clubs, Colleges and Hospitals; 25 years' reputation for quality and value—Live Fish Co., Grimsby.
HOUSEWIVES—Save time, money and worry; attractive Hampers containing dairy produce and country provisions dispatched weekly—Inquiries: "The Devonshire Creamery," Clarendon-road, Sevenoaks.
TEEDING—Best Scotch potatoes, per sack B. of 121bs. 6s. 6d.; sacks free, including delivery within London area; cash with order; prompt delivery—D. C. Blaine, 15, Grosvenor-gardens, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
ART—Make money drawing fashions; stamp for booklet. REQUIRED for February, Young Girls' Club, Strand, W.C.2.
General Maid: knowledge of plain cooking; help given. Write stating wages required, experience, etc., to Box No. 1,000, "Daily Mirror," 25, Boulevard, E.C.4.
TO Parents and Guardians—The London Telegraph Training College, Ltd. (est. 36 years), Cable and Wireless Telegraphy; youths from 16 upwards trained for these service and positions obtained; moderate fees. Apply for prospectus, Dept. D.M., 262, Earl's Court-road, S.W.8.
60 WEEKLY earned, easy homework, no canvassing; details stamped envelope—Dean (D.M.), Durham-road, Sheffield.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
AUTHORS—Sell your work; send even rejected MSS.; 20,000 words upwards urgently wanted—Harrison Ltd., Agency 77, Chamber-st., London, E.1.
AUTHORS—MSS. placed, £15 prize for a short story; novels a specialty; awards in "Daily Mail" terms stip.—The C.L.A., 8, Henrietta-st., W.C.2.
LADY'S Free Booklet sent on Permanent Hair Wave.
A at home—Galy's, 5, Hohenheim-st., Bond-st., W.1.
ARTICLE or Story Writing Easy; trial lesson free—Manager, Premier School, 4, Adams-st., Adelphi, W.2.
CARNIVAL Nocturnes—P-per hats, rattles, streamers, balloons, and all novelties for dances, parties, etc., send for list—Clay, 12, Lauderdale-parade, Maid's Vale, London W.9.
ELECTROLYSIS without scar; sittings 5s.—May Millard (London expert), 38, John Bright-st., Birmingham.
HOW To Stop Smoking—Get new money, pocket free. H. Stanley Institute (D.M.) Racton-road London S.W.6.
WIN! Get share of 100,000 lbs. of wool on patent machine—2s. each, post 6d.—A. Mason, 145, Clar-plaza, W.1.
£100 CHALLENGE—Various Venues, Bad Tennis, etc.; positively and permanently cure; write or call for free sample, proof and Booklet "B." Le Brasseur, Surgical Music Co., Ltd., Dept. E.R., 136, Saville-street, Piccadilly, London. Works: Passy, Paris.

RHEUMATISM CURED



To further advertise our marvellous Galvanic Ring, which absolutely cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Nervous Disorders, and all kindred complaints, we have decided to give a quantity away. Write to-day for size-card, testimonials, particulars of free offer, etc.

GALVANIC RING CO.
(Dept. D.M.), KEW, LONDON.

HOLBROOK'S WONDERFUL SAUCE



PÉRON, LTD. Beg to Announce a Clearance SALE

EXQUISITE PARIS MODELS
AT LESS THAN
HALF COST PRICE
From 5 Gns. Upwards
List of SPECIAL BARGAINS sent on request.
184-186, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

UNCLE DICK'S LETTER.

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

After being ignored by the lordly Loopy, the pets had their "noses put out of joint" again this morning. Christopher's holidays are over, and he returned to school this morning. Pip, Squeak and Wilfred, like good pals, went to the station to see him off. As they were sauntering up and down the platform, waiting for the train, a tall boy suddenly appeared and slapped Chris on the shoulder: "Hallo, old man! Have a good holiday!"

"Why, it's Jimson!" cried Chris, going very red. Jimson is a boy who is very much admired by my nephew; in fact, according to Chris, there is no other fellow on earth like the great Jimson. That was why Chris blue-bled; he felt rather ashamed of being seen with a dog,

a penguin and a rabbit, and he dreaded that Jimson might laugh at him.

So he pretended to have nothing to do with the pets, and began to talk about the "hols," and footer, and the new term.

Presently Squeak said: "You'll write to us, won't you, Chris?" My nephew pretended not to hear; he took Jimson's arm and strolled away with him along the platform.

"I don't believe he wants to talk with us!" exclaimed Pip and the three pets, feeling rather out in the cold, followed the boys.

Jimson turned round. "What is that animal?" he asked, pointing at Squeak. "Oh, only a pet of my uncle," said Chris, hurriedly. "Uncle's a run old stick; he collects queer pets!" Just then the train steamed in, and Chris and Jimson got into a carriage together, leaving the pets standing on the platform in great indignation.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

WALKING UP A WINDOW!

Gertrude the Gecko and Her Wonderful Tricks.

THIS week I have received letters which mention three pets the names of which I have never heard before. Daniel Brown writes to tell me about Gertrude, his pet gecko; a niece from India asks me how to cure her combassou of some complaint which I can't understand; and a grown-up "nephew" in Africa tells me that he has just captured a xenopus!

Dear me! What extraordinary names! I had to fly to a natural history book to find out what they meant. Now I know that a gecko is a small lizard, that a combassou is a little bin up to Africa, and that a xenopus—I'm sure I shall forget how to spell that name!—is just a frog, well known (to some people) as the African clawed frog.

Unfortunately my grown-up "nephew" tells me nothing about his xenopus, but Daniel Brown has quite an interesting story to relate.

"Gertrude, my little gecko," he writes, "is an acrobat. She will climb up anything. When I let her out she will clamber up the backs of the chairs or climb up to the mantelpiece, where it is warm, and sit just underneath the clock. I don't know if she can hear it ticking, but sometimes she will sit looking at it for nearly a quarter of an hour without moving.

AN ACROBATIC LITTLE LIZARD.

"Gertrude is such a good climber that she will even go up the window panel! She can't get far up it, but she will manage half-way. Especially if she sees a fly on the curtains; but, after she has climbed up, very slowly, for some time, she will suddenly come tumbling down. I feed her on insects, but she sleeps a lot during the day, and lately, while the weather has been cold, she has been very still, and hasn't even tried to come out when I have let her."

Wouldn't you love to have such an interesting pet as Gertrude? It almost makes me feel inclined to sell Squeak and buy a climbing gecko!

OTHER LETTERS.

Adele—I'm sorry that your combassou is ill, but as I can't read your writing I don't quite understand what is the matter with him. I should ask somebody you know, if your combassou is still unwell by the time you see this.

Nancy Hurstbourne.—If your daddy won't let you feed your goldfish with ants' eggs, bread crumbs or biscuit crumbs are the next best things.

Faith M. Ivy.—I was certainly surprised about your parrot. Keep her warm and feed her well. Yes, you may become a member of the Wilfred League. This is the only rule: Love Wilfred.



"THE PICTURE OF HEALTH AND MISCHIEF"

The mother of this chubby little child wrote to us:

"Our baby boy could easily be called the 'Cristolax Baby,' for he had some of this in nearly every bottle until 12 months old, and still has it. He is just the picture of health and mischief."

Your child, too, could be equally healthy and happy. This is the secret of it:—

Keep the child free from constipation. Let the food waste be expelled easily and naturally. But don't give Castor Oil or other purging medicines. Give Cristolax only. It cannot gripe. It has no harmful after-effects. It is delicious to taste.

Cristolax combines the lubricating effect of the finest medicinal paraffin with the laxative, nutrient and digestive properties of the purest malt extract. It is equally delicious taken dry or dissolved in milk.

CRISTOLAX

BRAND MALT EXTRACT WITH PARAFFIN

Lubricant-Laxative-Nutrient-Digestive

Prepared by the manufacturers of "Gellitol" A. Wander, Ltd., 41, Cross Street, E.C. 2, and sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire. Price in Great Britain 2/6 per large bottle.

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

2/6

Clear Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap and Talcum

Soap, Ointment, Talcum sold everywhere.
British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.

GREAT BARGAINS Last Year's Show Room Models of BABY CARRIAGES



EARLY INSPECTION ADVISED.

No Obligation to buy.

No Sale Listed.

Beautiful Catalogue of EVERYTHING for BABY with Standard List of Baby Carriages sent free in plain envelope.

Treasure Cot

(Dept. A), 103, Oxford St., LONDON, W1

(Nearly opp. Bourne and Hollinsworth), 1st floor (Opp.)

WILFRED THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND A NEW GAME!



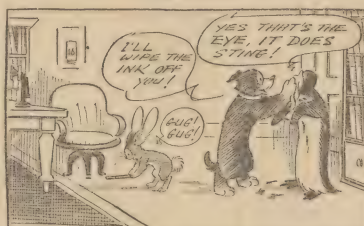
1. Finding my fountain pen on my desk, the pets decided to fill it for me.



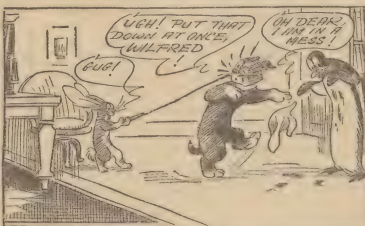
2. Pip dipped it in the ink, and showed Squeak how it was done.



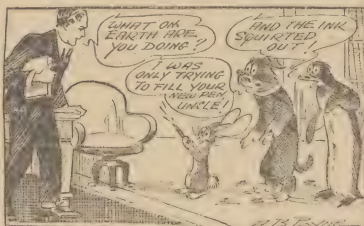
3. Unfortunately, something went wrong—the ink squirted into Squeak's eye!



4. Wilfred thought this was a fine game. He picked up the pen and—



5.—had a shot at Pip. The little rabbit's aim was only too exact!



6. When I arrived on the scene I found the pets in a shocking state!

Hair Often Ruined By Careless Washing

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Many soaps, prepared shampoos and shampoo powders, contain too much free alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup with a little tepid water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub the Mulsified in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo from any chemist—it is inexpensive, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months. Be sure your chemist gives you Mulsified. Beware of imitations—look for the name Watkins on the package.—(Adv.)



For Coughs of the Elderly

Bronchitis: all Stubborn Coughs.

As a healing, invigorating tonic to those of advanced years, Angier's Emulsion is invaluable. It is unequalled for coughs and bronchitis, and for chronic catarrhal affections generally, whether of lungs, stomach or intestines. It improves appetite, digestion and nutrition, and what is of great importance, promotes regular and normal action of the bowels. There is no better tonic for the aged and feeble, and none that has such a general soothing effect. It is pleasant to take either undiluted or in soda-water, milk, wine, whiskey, etc.

Remember—Angier's is the most palatable of all emulsions and it agrees perfectly with delicate, sensitive stomachs. No other Emulsion is so strongly recommended and so largely prescribed by the medical profession. It is an invaluable household remedy equally useful for adults and children.

ANGIER'S EMULSION

Of Chemists. 3/- and 5/-.

Illustrated Booklet Free.—Write for our booklet, illustrated in colour, "Household Hints," sent post free. Mention this paper. The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1.

THE WAY OF SACRIFICE

By E. ALMAZ
STOUT

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

MRS. WOOD, an invalid not likely to live much longer, is very anxious for her daughter, Primrose, to marry Sir Stanley Bircham, the Squire of Whitcomb.

She writes a letter to Stan-ley, who is a very fond of each other, so that the announcement of their engagement is expected daily. But Helen Dale, a girl, appears on the scene and, to Mrs. Wood's dismay, sweeps Sir Stanley into her love-temperament, at any rate—with Helen, and for her daughter's sake she determines to make Helen Dale go away before it is too late.

Primrose.

She begs her to do this, but the girl refuses. Then Mrs. Wood tells her an amazing story of how Primrose's father went to goal for theft to save Garth Dale, Helen's father.

At first Helen refuses to believe the story, but Mrs. Wood has convincing proof of it in the form of a letter. At last the elder woman states her terms. It is your happiness against Primrose's, she says. "Give her back her love and I will not say what I have told you shall ever pass your lips again. If you don't, all the world shall know your father for the thief and coward he is."

Helen decides, after a brief struggle, to sacrifice her happiness in order to save her father from disgrace. She writes a letter to Sir Stanley which gives him the impression that she can never really care for him.

Mrs. Wood dies, but not before she has seen Primrose married to Sir Stanley, whose proposal was accepted chiefly by sympathy.

At the time goes by Primrose begins to realise that her husband does not love her, but she knows who she is falling in love with.

Primrose decides to leave Whitcomb. She does not tell her husband where she is going. After a considerable time Wynne finds Primrose and tries to bring husband and wife together again. He arranges a meeting between them, but Stanley fails to turn up.

He is knocked down by a lorry and very seriously injured about the head. Primrose is summoned in haste to the Nursing Home where Stanley has been taken. As a result of the accident his mind becomes unbalanced and he believes he is back in the days of the war.

Primrose suggests that her husband's memory might be restored if Helen came to see him. She consents to do this, and on entering the room walks straight up to Stanley. He does not recognise her, and becomes very upset.

Garth Dale decides to confess to Primrose that it was he who should have gone to goal in place of her father.

A WOMAN'S GENEROSITY.

THE following morning Garth was found at The Court at an early hour after breakfast, asking to see Lady Bircham on important business.

When at last Primrose came into the room with an apology for having kept him, he started at the change he saw in her since he was last at The Court. He knew she had been through a terrible time, but the pale face, bordered with the nurse's white cap, looked as if its owner had passed through a very Gethsemane.

"I am sorry to intrude on you when you are in such great trouble," he said, after she had shaken hands with him. "But perhaps what I have to tell you may bring you some measure of comfort. In any case, Mr. Wynne has pointed out to me that it was my plain duty to make my confession to you."

"Confession to me?" Primrose said in astonishment.

"Yes, to you. Will you please listen to what I have to tell you? I won't be longer than I must be."

Primrose listened in amazed silence to the story Mr. Wynne had heard the previous evening. When Garth had finished she put out a hand swiftly and touched his arm.

"Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry for you!" she said, quickly.

"Sorry for me?" he repeated, hardly believing his own ears.

"Yes, of course. What a terrible time you must have had all these years!"

"You say that to me?" Garth said, almost surprised. "It is your father who did the terrible thing!"

"In one sense—yes. But he had the knowledge, not only that he was innocent, but that all his sufferings were for the woman he loved. But you—you must have been unhappy about it. I certainly was. I have always had the knowledge I was both coward and hypocrite. But, Lady Bircham, what are you going to do? What do you want me to do? I know your father is dead, but I can rehabilitate his memory. I can publish his innocence."

Primrose shook her head. "What good would it do? None. It might cause a great deal of harm. Beyond his forgotten Richard Broadwood and his story, I am his only child. I can't quite tell you all that it means to me to know my father was innocent. But, so long as I know, there is no need for anyone else to be told the story."

For the second time within a few hours Garth Dale felt overwhelmed by the generosity of a woman.

"Do you realise just how wonderful you are being?" he asked in a low voice.

A beautiful little smile crossed her face. "I am not being wonderful at all. What is the use of taking up a story forgotten long ago by everyone but the chief actors? My father and

mother are dead. There is only you left. Why should I want to injure you?"

"But there is yourself."

"No one knows I am Richard Broadwood's daughter. And if they did—there is Helen, your own daughter, to be considered. No, Mr. Dale, for Helen's sake alone, no one but ourselves must ever know. Now, I am sure you will excuse me, but I must go back to Sir Stanley."

"And—and some day you will try to forgive me?"

"If my father were alive I am sure he would say he had forgiven you long ago. Can you expect me to feel differently? Good-bye, Mr. Dale. Please try to be happy and to forget."

In another moment he was alone.

He stood still for a few minutes, some of the intolerable load of regret and remorse he had borne so long slipping from him. Richard's daughter had said she knew her father had forgiven him long ago. Why should he not believe her? And, believing, try to atone?

He was still only in the prime of life, still strong. He would go right away for a time, to try to wash the bitterness of memory from his

never laugh. Please hold my hand. It makes me feel safer."

Primrose nearly choked. In his normal senses Stanley so seldom had offered his wife any caress. He was not a demonstrative man, though, Primrose used to tell herself sadly, he doubtless would have been if he had married the girl he loved.

Now he pleaded to hold his nurse's hand, feeling a strange sense of comfort and confidence from the physical contact!

ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED.

SOME time later Stanley fell asleep, and Primrose rang the bell for Nurse Field to take her place while she sought out the doctors. She found them in the morning-room, with the X-ray plates spread out before them.

"I was just coming for you, Lady Bircham," Dr. Treloar said gravely. "Dr. Desplas wants to talk to you."

Primrose braced herself. What was the verdict going to be? She knew that if this little,

doctor living who would even attempt it." The little Frenchman spoke with the sublime egotism of assured knowledge.

"But—but if the hundredth chance is ours, if it is successful!" She spoke at last.

Dr. Desplas shrugged his shoulders. "It is impossible to say. It might be partially successful, it might relieve his condition without curing him. That is the hundredth chance."

"Talk it over with your good friend here, Dr. Treloar. Let me know to-night. I will operate the day after to-morrow—or I will go away. I am tired. If I may, I will go to my room till dinner."

The little Frenchman tactfully bowed his way out of the room.

When he had gone Primrose turned to the man who had been such a good friend to Stanley and herself.

"What is your advice?"

He was silent for a few moments. Then he said: "I don't know what to advise. If Desplas, who is a great optimist, is doubtful, I fear there is not much hope. And you must remember and realise, if the operation fails, it means certain and instant death."

"Yes, I realise that. And I also know that Stanley would choose death a hundred times sooner than the fate which lies before him if he lives."

"Lady Bircham," Ralph said, very gravely, "I truly don't think I can advise you. You know the facts—Desplas has put them very plainly. It is a human question for you as to what to decide. It's not a case for a doctor's decision. Honestly, I dare not take the responsibility."

"I quite understand. I'll decide quite alone."

She left the room and, picking up a big fur coat she kept in the hall, she went out into the garden. It was cold, but very lovely. Her foot outlined every tree twig and branch, every leaf of the evergreen bushes, and, in the clear, white moonlight, it looked as if fairy fingers had been at work.

And as she paced up and down the hard, frosted terrace she made her decision. Stanley should have his chance, though it was only one in a hundred. His present existence was one long nightmare.

When Dr. Desplas came downstairs she was waiting for him in the study.

"I have decided," she said quietly. "However slight the chance of an operation, my husband shall have it."

The Frenchman bowed. "I think you have decided—courageously. I will consult with Dr. Treloar at once. I will do my best for you both."

(Another long instalment to-morrow.)

A REMARKABLE NEW SERIAL,
Specially written for "The Daily Mirror" by that popular author,
HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER,
Will begin next Monday. To make certain of securing a copy,
ORDER WITHOUT DELAY.

soul. Then he would come back, and in some way that he had not yet formulated or thought of, he would endeavour to make good.

"Dick!" Primrose called to Colonel Wynne, who was passing the door. "Come in. I've just had a wire from Dr. Treloar. He has seen Dr. Desplas and is bringing him down here to-day."

"Good. Treloar was telling me he really had made some magnificent work of it. But I know, too, that Dr. Treloar thinks it a forlorn hope for Stanley. You can see for yourself how much worse he is the last two or three days."

Dick was silent. He had seen the rapid change for the worse in his old friend since the unfortunate experiment made with Helen.

"You know, I am so terribly afraid that they may take him from me—from his home," Primrose went on with her lips trembling.

"Don't worry about that. I don't see why they should. Poor chap, he could do no one any harm."

Primrose got up from her seat wearily. For once she allowed the utter discouragement that had swept over her to show in her usually calm face.

"I am going to tell Stanley that Dr. Treloar is bringing a friend with him. We mustn't take any more risks in letting him see strangers without warning."

Dick looked at her with wistful eyes.

"I do so wish I could help you, Primrose."

"You do, old friend," she said with a hand for one moment on his. "I don't know what I should do without you. I know it is selfish to keep you here so much, but I just couldn't face it without you. No woman ever had a more wonderful friend."

He stooped his head and pressed his lips to her fingers.

After she had gone, he braced his shoulders. Of course, he was content with that he told himself. It was all he asked for, all he wanted. Then a queer little smile hovered at the corners of his lips and he murmured to himself "Liar!"

He knew, but I know, too, that Dr. Treloar thinks it a forlorn hope for Stanley. You can see for yourself how much worse he is the last two or three days."

Primrose, however, spoke fluently and was able to tell the French surgeon what Dr. Treloar had omitted.

"Very good, madame. I will examine your husband with my colleague here. You will leave us quite alone, yes? My methods may not be quite what you are accustomed to and might distress you. Later I will tell you what I think."

Primrose, of course, acquiesced in all his suggestions, and after the travellers had been refreshed with tea the two doctors went into the sick-room alone, Nurse Field being excluded as well as Primrose.

After a full hour's examination Ralph Treloar fetched Primrose.

"Will you go and stay with Sir Stanley? He is rather upset, I am afraid. You can calm him better than anyone."

She looked at him, hardly able to bear the suspense. His eyes did not greatly reassure her.

"I can't tell you yet. Dr. Desplas wants to consult with me before he reports to you."

"Nurse! Nurse! Primrose!" The pitiful voice with the ring of fear that was growing so painfully familiar, rang out, and Primrose ran to the sick-room.

Stanley was sitting up in bed, where he had been kept all day, his eyes starting out of his head.

"Why did you leave me?" he moaned. "You promised you wouldn't."

"I was only in the next room. I was quite close. Now I'm going on with the book we began yesterday. You said it was the most interesting one we had had for a long time."

She sat down by the bedside and picked up the book. But before she could begin to read Stanley had thrust a thin, feverish hand into hers.

"Don't let those men come in, Nurse," he said hoarsely. "They would only laugh. You

keen-eyed Frenchman could not help them, no one could."

"Your husband is even in a worse condition than Dr. Treloar led me to expect. The injury to the brain is a very serious one, and I understand he is getting rapidly worse. The surgeons have seen him refuse to operate. That is so?"

Primrose nodded. She could not speak.

"Personally I am inclined to think they are right. I am afraid the injury is too grave for any operation to help. It is my duty to be perfectly candid. But, if you care to accept the risks—and the odds are a hundred to one against success—I am willing to try the forlorn hope."

Still Primrose did not speak.

"Please think it over and decide after you have thought carefully. As he is, his case is quite hopeless, as far as his brain is concerned. And the increasing helplessness points to increasing pressure."

"If I operate—and the operation is, as I must warn you I fear it will be, unsuccessful—the chances are your husband will die under the operation. I do not think there is another

What causes the Radiant Beauty of the Teeth?

Look in your mirror, and if your teeth are normal, you will see ridges that run up and down and across them. These ridges divide the surface of the enamel into main and secondary planes and sub-divide them into miniature waves and facets which are visible only through a powerful magnifying glass.

It is this formation of tiny waves and facets which, radiating the light from every angle, produces the glorious lustre and sheen of perfect teeth.

Attractive in itself, this exquisite crystalline surface protects the teeth. Once lost it can never be regained. Harsh substances, grit or too hard toothbrushes wear it away.

The more delicate markings and facets go first, then the larger planes. The teeth, become more dead, dull and artificial-looking, until the enamel is worn through and decay sets in.

To preserve the light facets and so ensure a lifetime of perfect, beautiful teeth, use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day.

Gibbs Dentifrice contains no grit, its polishing agent being of the exact degree of firmness to clean and polish without risk of harm to the facets of the enamel. It dissolves all greasy food deposits; penetrates every tiny interstice and crevice of the teeth and mouth and neutralises the acids formed by fermenting food-debris.

Gibbs Dentifrice

Largest Size 1s. 6d. Each
Smaller Size 1s. 3d. Each
Popular Size 1s. 0d. Each
Tubes 6d. & 3d.



Pin this Voucher or half to a sheet of paper with your name and address clearly written and post with 7d. or 10d. to D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd., Dept. 1D, Gold Cream Soap Works, London, E.C.1

A free copy of "The IVORY CASTLE FAIRY BOOK" and **GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES**

Please send me a Lady's Trial Package containing: Gibbs Dentifrice, Gibbs Dental Cream, Gibbs Cold Cream, Gibbs Shaving Cream, Gibbs Toilet Cream, Gibbs Soap.

Please send Gentlemen's Trial Package containing: Gibbs Dentifrice, Gibbs Dental Cream, Gibbs Cold Cream, Gibbs Shaving Cream, Gibbs Toilet Cream, Gibbs Soap.

For Lady's Trial Package send this half and 7d.

For Gentlemen's Trial Package send this half and 7d.

CLEVER RUSE OF AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

Watch on Suspect in Station
Te'phone Box.

"CAPFUL OF MONEY."

Railway Porter's Story of Trick That Led to Arrest.

A clever ruse adopted by a porter to catch an alleged thief was described at West London yesterday, when George Arthur Gordon, an electrician, was remanded, charged with stealing £1 7s. 10d. from the telephone box at Latimer-road Station (Metropolitan Railway).

Henry James Olive, a porter at the station, said he saw Gordon go into the telephone box and, as the man's actions seemed suspicious, he kept him under observation.

Hearing coins falling, he ran to the telephone box and saw Gordon with a capful of money in one hand and a key, which he had inserted in the lock of the box, in the other.

When asked for his G.P.O. pass, Gordon, after fumbling in his pockets, said he had left it at home. Witness told him that was not good enough for him, and that he would be charged.

Gordon, said Olive, then asked: "Don't be hard, mate! I have a wife and three children." Witness replied: "So have I." Gordon then asked him if he would go home.

Olive agreed, and invited him into his collector's box so as to prevent him escaping. He then blew his whistle, another porter came, a policeman was fetched, and Gordon was given into custody.

Gordon, in court, denied that he asked Olive to go halves.

TRUANT BOY'S RAMBLES.

Edinburgh Lad Found in London After Six Weeks' Absence.

After a week's search the runaway Scottish schoolboy, Ian Adams, aged fourteen, has been found in London by his father, Mr. George B. Adams, an hotel proprietor, of Edinburgh.

The boy ran away from a public school in Edinburgh six weeks ago and travelled to London with £10 in his pocket.

During his travels he had visited Reigate, Horsham, Guildford and Brighton, and has just been traced to a West End hotel, where he had been staying while employed by a doctor in Sloane-street.

DEAD MAN COMEDY.

Extraordinary Blunders of
Ministry of Labour.

LAX RECORD KEEPING.

That the Divisional Office of the Ministry of Labour had summoned a dead man to attend the Court of Referees was one of the extraordinary statements made at a meeting of Pembroke Employment Committee.

Following this and other revelations, some caustic comments were made by members of the Committee on the manner in which the Divisional Office kept its records.

Another mistake made to have been made was that a trade union member summoned to a second court, had resigned his position two years previously.

An employers' representative summoned to a third court had never been a member of the Committee, while a trade union representative summoned to the same court had resigned two months previously. Consequently the chairman had to sit alone.

The Committee decided to send a letter to the Divisional Office expressing the opinion that its methods appeared very unsatisfactory.

"HOMING" HORSE.

Animal That Walked Twenty Miles Over Strange Road to Its Old Master.

An extraordinary story of a horse's homing instinct comes from Lincolnshire. Three months ago a Firby man bought a horse at Boston market. The animal was taken to Firby, where it was put in a field to grass.

Last week-end, however, Mr. H. Budibent, a farmer, of Rigsby, was astonished when, upon entering his yard in the early morning, he found the horse he had sold making a meal from a stack of seeds.

The animal had covered nearly twenty miles of road in a few hours, and the assurance is given that it had never been driven in the direction of Firby.

£30,000,000 COPPER COMBINE.

New York, Tuesday.

According to the New York Herald, arrangements have been completed for the control of the Chute Copper Company by the Anaconda Mining Company through the sale of £30,000,000 of new securities of the Anaconda Company.

The Anaconda Company obtains control of the biggest known body of copper ore in the world. Central News.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN IN SEARCH OF GOLD.

Fitting Up Expedition for
Labrador Discovery.

COMING RUSH.

Ship and Aeroplanes for Transport Difficulties.

Following the discovery of gold in Labrador, preparations are being made for a great rush next spring.

An Exchange report from St. John's, Newfoundland, states since the discovery stake was made last summer over a large area on Big Brook River, flowing into St. Bay, Labrador, much activity has been evinced in this and adjoining districts.

The leading people locating this area were a party from Montreal, backed financially by a well-known Montreal stockbroker, Mr. Stanley May, who has received a report regarding the discoveries made on the property, which is reached by boat only.

The report explains that the purpose of the visit to this region was to find out if the gravel or river bed was gold-bearing, and to what extent.

NUGGETS FOUND.

The writer (Mr. W. H. Jeffery) says his examination consisted chiefly of panning the gravel and sands of the river bed and banks of the river for some twenty miles up from the mouth of the river on both sides. He adds:—

"I found in my panning along the river banks evidences of fine or light-weight gold, and on getting in back from the river a very short distance in what I think is the old channel of the river we got several nuggets of gold by digging a few feet into the sand and gravel."

"The ground is very wet. We could not sink to any depth or near 'bedrock' where the coarse gold will be found."

The writer considers that the property forms one of the richest places yet discovered on this continent, and is worthy of extensive development, and when properly opened up it could be worked all the year round. This would assure a big output.

Since the date of this report a large number of claims have been taken up at the Mines Department in Newfoundland, and land some twenty-five miles up the Big Brook River has been secured.

Not only are Canadians from Montreal and Quebec interested, but many expeditions are being planned by Newfoundland merchants and capitalists.

ENGLISHMAN ENTHUSIAST.

One of the most recent enthusiasts is the young English capitalist and flying man, Mr. Alan S. Butler, who has returned now to England. He has taken out large areas in Labrador, and a schooner which he purchased locally is now being fitted out.

Mr. Butler is expected to return here in the spring to lead his expedition. He will have the necessary means to thoroughly investigate his land, and with his schooner and his aeroplanes should have much advantage over the others, as the transport facilities to and in those remote parts are worse than poor.

No steamer can sail north before the end of May, and if the expeditions rely on the local steamers to bring them north they will most likely find the steamers unable to carry even a quarter of the people with their outfits.

SAVE THE VICTORY

America's Link with Famous Flagship of Lord Nelson.

"The Victory belongs to the whole English-speaking race. Americans have just the vested rights and creditable claim in her that they have in Westminster Abbey, the Tower of London and the birthplace of Shakespeare."

Thus states a circular issued by the "Save the Victory Fund" in an appeal to Americans to help the fund.

One of the first offers of help for the preservation of the Victory, it is stated, came from an American representing a society of the United States interested in the study of naval antiquities and nautical archeology.

In 1758, when the order was given for the plans for the Victory to be prepared, the United States was an integral part of the British Empire. Over a score of native-born Americans fought in the Victory at Trafalgar.

£500 PRIZES IN SOAP CONTEST.

Messrs. Dickinson and Jones have created exceptional opportunities at the sale which they are now holding for buying examples of the most up-to-date fashions at greatly reduced prices.

At Messrs. Swan and Edgar, too, may be found some excellent examples of heavy pure silk hosiery at only 2s. 11½d. a pair.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is an old favourite both in the nursery and the bathroom, and its popularity should be enhanced by the news that the manufacturers are holding a competition, for which £500 in cash prizes are being offered.

MEMORIAL CLOCK AND BELLS.

A three-dial clock, with Guildford chimes and a peal of eight bells, has been placed in the War Tower at Farnborough, which was built by Lord and Lady Cowdray in memory of their son, the late Hon. F. G. Pearson, who was killed in the war in September, 1914.



How to Avoid 'Flu

"Prevention is better than cure," and in view of the fact that so many people suffer from influenza at this time of the year, it is wise to see how the germs of influenza work, and how we can beat them at their own game.

The way disease germs work is as follows. They obtain a lodgment in recesses of your nose, mouth, throat, and even stomach or intestines, where they generate their virus and distribute it throughout the system by the body's common carrier, the blood.

If you allow it!

Nature has evolved an efficient system of defence against these germs. Myriads of tiny corpuscles which travel with your blood stream are the natural defenders of the central citadel—the nervous system—of your health. They are of two kinds, red and white. The red ones energise your body to resist infection generally; the white ones rid these disease germs and (whisper it!) devour them bodily.

It rests with you to give these corpuscles a fair field whilst they fight your battles for you—it is up to you, in other words, to "keep the ring."

The area of operations is your blood; and if the blood be pure and virile, there is not a germ in all bacteriology that has the power to impair your energy, efficiency and general well-being.

The Kruschen habit is your first line of defence against disease germs; because it enables Nature to maintain a rich supply of pure and virile blood.

Kruschen Salts is a natural aperient and diuretic tonic—not a medicine, but an "aid to Nature" in eliminating from the system waste material which poisons and debilitates the blood. The bowel, liver, kidneys, lungs and skin—the body's organs of elimination—all work better and more regularly under the daily reminder of the Kruschen habit, and with these organs working well and regularly the purity and virility of the blood is ensured.

Your first line of defence

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Take as much Kruschen Salts as will lie on a sixpence every morning in your breakfast cup of tea. This is your first line of defence against epidemics, etc., such as influenza—and, too, the indispensable condition precedent to their successful treatment.



Tasteless in Tea

ECONOMY.—A bottle of Kruschen Salts costs 1/6 and lasts three months. Health and good spirits for less than a farthing a day. Get a bottle at your chemist's to-day and start to-morrow.



"But aren't you afraid of getting your feet wet, running about on the wet grass, playing hockey?"

"Oh no, Gran! We have Cherry Blossom Boot Polish on the soles as well as the uppers of our shoes."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

BRILLIANT, PRESERVATIVE, WATERPROOF.

Now also put up in the following colours:—

TONETTE: A lovely shade of mahogany brown.

DARK TAN: Imparts a beautiful nigger-brown shade to leather.

DEEP TONE: Stains leather a rich deep tone—very attractive.

WHITE: For patent leather boots and shoes.

In 1d., 2d.,
4d. and 6d.

TINS.

MANSION POLISH

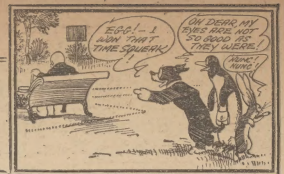
is the superior wax preparation which gives such a rich finish to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors, and Linoleum. It is equally good for Coach-work of Motor Cars. Sold in Tins 4d., 7½d., 1/-, 1/9.

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER



Turn to page 15 and chuckle—



—over Pip, Squeak and Wilfred.

LOVE STORY OF THE DUKE OF YORK—WITH HIS FIANCEE IN LONDON YESTERDAY



The betrothed pair leaving Lord Strathmore's London home yesterday.



The Earl of Strathmore returning from trimming trees on the estate.



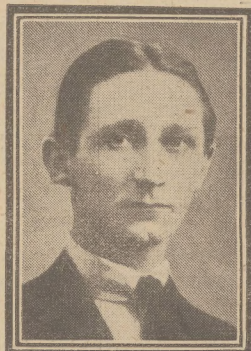
St. Paul's Waldenbury, the residence of the Earl of Strathmore, near Welwyn, Herts., at which the proposal of marriage was made by the Duke of York.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



Captain Victor Beaufort.



Mr. R. J. Morrison.



DEATH MYSTERY. — Alfred Henry Lee, of Swansea, who was found shot dead in a London hotel. The inquest will be resumed at St. Pancras to-day.

£2,000 DIVORCE DAMAGES.—£2,000 agreed damages were awarded against Captain Victor Beaufort in the Divorce Court yesterday, when Mr. R. J. Morrison, of Chudleigh, near Exeter, was granted a decree nisi.



A recent outdoor snapshot of the future Duchess of York, Lady Elisabeth Bowes-Lyon, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne. The betrothed pair first met at a party when both were quite tiny children. They lunched together yesterday at Lord Strathmore's London home.